

San Francisco, 9 August : 1900

THE PACIFIC



Volume XLIX

Number 32

Moore Geo Edwards
1901

THERE is one thing more pitiable, al-
most worse than even cold, black, mis-
erable atheism. To kneel down and say,
"Our Father," and then to get up and live
an orphaned life. To stand and say, "I be-
lieve in God the Father Almighty," and then
to go fretting and fearing, saying with a thou-
sand tongues, "I believe in the love of God!
but it is only in heaven. I believe in the pow-
er of God! but it stoppeth short at the stars. I
believe in the providence of God! but it is lim-
ited to the saints in Scripture: I believe that
' the Lord reigneth'—only with reference to
some far-off time with which we have nothing
to do." That is more insulting to our heav-
enly Father, more harmful to the world, more
cheating to ourselves, than to have no God at
all.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

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Established 1851.

Published every Thursday at the Congressional Headquarters, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the

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"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, 9 August: 1900

Book-mark of Saint Teresa.

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.



It is not surprising that all Italy mourns the death of King Humbert at the hands of the assassin. His rule was a creditable one. Among the good deeds that will be long remembered stand his ministrations to the cholera-stricken people of Naples a few years ago. The King was at Venice when word came that hundreds were dying daily in Naples. He was invited to attend the sports of the cavalry officers at Pordenone, and was expecting to go. But these were his words when the news came from stricken Naples: "At Pordenone is merry-making; at Naples is death. I will go to Naples." And to Naples he went, visiting from day to day the pestilential quarters of the city, comforting the sick and dying and inspiring with courage the excited, despairing populace. When, a little later, he passed from Naples to other parts of his kingdom, an adoring people made his journey one continuous triumphal march. Such men have God's license to be missed, and ever in lives made better by their presence will their influence mount heavenward. May their kind multiply! So shall the world swing more rapidly up into the light and life of God.



To one warning him of the danger of assassination, the late King Humbert is said to have replied, "The risk must be taken. It is a part of the trade." These are indeed troublesome times "for kings and all who are in authority." The head which wears a crown is

not likely to rest easily now-a-days. It is a feature of royalty not generally appreciated, but one which may go far toward reconciling the occupant of an humble station to his obscurity. What are generally looked upon as worldly advantages indeed are, all of them, attended by drawbacks suited to inspire caution in one's estimate of their comparative worth; more especially as desirable for one's self. It is the thought which our Lord impressed upon the rashly ambitious sons of Zebedee to check their vainglorious dream. "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?" he asks, "that you so confidently aspire to companionship with me in my royal prerogatives?" It was the lesson which Peter, self-confidently venturesome, learned when essaying to walk the stormy wave. It is the lesson which comes to us from all the high places of the earth. These disabilities do not justify any one in cowardly evasion of responsibility, of whatever sort this may be. They do not encourage one in refusing wealth, or station, or power, if God lays them upon him. But they do show the sterner aspect of these worldly distinctions; they do rebuke thoughtless greed; they do tend to restrain an envious hankering after earth's tinsel, and discontent at the portion of goods which falls to one's actual station; they do warn one away from any struggle to secure these coveted goods by wrongful ways, and they do teach one to accept or resign the trust as God wills. "content to fill a little space if He be glorified." Another important lesson comes to us out of the tragedy of Italy's king. "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial among you which cometh upon you to prove you, as though a strange thing happened to you." Expect the "crook in every lot." Accept the appointed discipline as a matter of course. "It's a part of the trade." Take it up manfully. Bear it cheerfully. Extract from

it the hidden sweetness. Welcome the refining fire, content if so you may be approved of God as beloved sons.

Learning Christ.

It is like this: A young man places himself under an architect's instruction. And, as a first step, a drawing is set before him which he is to copy, line for line, but on a reduced scale. That done, he is assigned to the same task, but is told of imperfections in the original plan which he is to discover and correct. As a next step he is bidden, himself, to design a building. All this to be done under the master's eye, criticism and suggestions.

It may be illustrated in another way: A group of students are gathered about an artist, watching him at work. With intelligent interest they take note of every movement of his hand and the significance of every line,—how the colors upon his palette are mixed and laid upon the canvas to produce desired effects, and the whole process by which the artist's thought takes outward shape, and grows and glows and breathes, instinct with life and personality. The painter's art becomes his revelation. Studying his work is the study of the man.

So Christ was made known to his first disciples. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among them—made one family circle with them; companied with them in his daily ministry; ate with them, slept with them, walked with them, talked with them, shared with them all his experiences. They were eye witnesses of the "signs" he wrought, and ear witnesses to his wayside intercourse with men. They listened while he unfolded the Scriptures; they marked his behavior in all the trying conditions of life. Out of all these experiences the man, Christ Jesus, emerged in their thoughts. So they learned Him, and knowing Him, learned to know God, and man, and the whole circle of vital truth. That knowledge moulded character, inspired speech and determined conduct; permeated every function of mind and body, until the most cursory observer "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

So it was that Paul learned Christ. His knowledge of Christian truth was primarily a knowledge of the personal, living Christ. "God," he declares, fitted him to preach the

gospel by "revealing his Son in him." And the substance of his preaching came to him through the revelation of Jesus Christ. An earnest student of the Old Testament Scriptures he had been from his youth; and a body of rabbinic lore was stored up in his memory before that transforming vision on the Damascus road; but not until then did he begin to "know Christ." Thereafter he had ever an open eye for successive revelations of spiritual things and an open ear for the teachings of the Holy Spirit. This, and not a lack of reverence for the law and the prophets, was the essential distinction between the apostle and the scribes who opposed him. And out of this was evolved the characteristic of his preaching. Like his Master's, it bore the stamp of originality. He gave out what he had personally received—the old truth, verified by experience, vivified and illuminated by its passage through his own heart and mind. The Comforter, which is the Holy Spirit, guided him into the "truth in Jesus," and that truth he passed on as his contribution to a needy world.

When, therefore, we receive this message from Japan, "We want no more doctrine—we want Christ," we accept it not in its letter, which would be stultifying, but in its spirit, which is humanity's cry for doctrine touched by the Christ spirit at every point; for Christian teaching which shall never, for an instant, subordinate the facts of revelation to theories of redemption, or allow one to lose sight of him who is "the effulgence of God's glory and the very image of his substance." If it means this it is right. But if it means the discredit of systematized truth, and the abandonment of search for the deep things of God—a contentment with merely surface gold then the demand is unintelligent, unchristian and unscientific, too.

That the charge of having substituted "doctrine" for "Christ," and the teaching of the schools for the "truth in Jesus," has been or is now fairly laid at the door of missionaries as a class, we do not believe; not that the "heralds of the Cross" are but heralds of a particular kind of a cross. Doubtless they hold their treasure in earthen vessels, as do all the rest of us; doubtless, too, the scientific spirit is working within the spiritual realm as elsewhere, demanding a closer observation

and firmer grasp upon facts. Religion, too, has developed social relations unappreciated before; and the emphasis of doctrine has been shifted thereby. But the foundations have not been disturbed. Sin and salvation, conscience and an atoning sacrifice, still underly all Christian progress, whether individual or social. The life of the world has not swept past that point, nor relegated those ideals to the limbo of outgrown dogmas. It is a doubtful compliment to our Christian associations and social institutions to say that "they have minimized religious teaching almost to the vanishing point."

We cannot believe the charge to be sustained. So much the worse if it is. For the facts of Christ are the doctrine of Christ; and the reason of the Christian hope is its support. And somehow or other that question, How God can be just and the justifier of him that hath faith in Jesus, must be grappled with and answered, or else the soul in its anguish will lose sight of the reconciling Christ, and turn to other saviors.

Catechismus Redivivus.

The present writer was brought up on a diet which included regular portions of the "Shorter Catechism." And he wishes to add that the diet, in his judgment, was wholesome; not that he always hankered after the Sunday afternoon banquet, nor that the viands were always toothsome; but they left no bad taste in his mouth; they did not "set him against religion," nor turn him against orthodoxy, nor produce any other of the dire results which are frequently attributed to the enforced study of "man's chief end" and related doctrines. Nor does he believe that reliable instances of such recoil are, relatively, much more numerous than the proverbial white blackbird. Where the claim is put forth, he believes it to be, usually, an afterthought—generally long after; or to be traceable to conditions for which the Westminster Assembly can in no wise be held responsible.

In his own case, certainly, he bears emphatic testimony to its value as a religious instructor.

In the first place, there has been the advantage of a memory stored with clear, comprehensive and concise statements covering all the essential facts of Christian faith and

practice. Very early in life he knew, in form at least, all about "what the Scriptures principally teach"; what each commandment "chiefly requires" and "forbids"; and all the rest. Those definitions found lodgment in his mind just when it was most receptive and tenacious of words entrusted to it. Some of the answers—"effectual calling," for example, secured lodgment only after severe tussles, and long remained in the memory as only a "form of sound words"; but they were there, as stock upon a merchant's shelves. Theology was learned just as arithmetic was, by rule, in anticipation of independent reasoning. Later on, with a better understanding of the principles of arithmetic, better rules could be formulated. Later on, too, more developed reasoning faculties and general theologic progress have compelled readjustments and restatements of doctrinal points covered by the catechism. But, for the time, those answers furnished the best form of Christian truth available. They were at least something to build upon religiously, where otherwise there would have been no satisfactory foundation. That instruction, moreover, was in accord with the normal and biblical method of education; first, acceptance on authority; afterwards, explanation; "first that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual"; the law as a pedagogue, leading to Christ.

That body of religious truth, also, even though it were not the highest form of truth, and though occasionally marred by positive error, was a continual appeal to reason, and so a valuable agency in mental training and religious discovery. It has served for theology a use precisely analogous to that which textbooks of fifty years ago rendered to the later science of medicine, viz., as steps in the ladder of progress—points of departure for the truer and larger science of the present. To-day the physician turns back to his early text-books for comparison and suggestion, even though he may have wholly abandoned their nomenclature, in the light of more recent investigations. Very often, indeed, he may find that the loudly heralded new discovery is but an older fact more clearly diagnosed and dressed out in more modern garb. And just so does a compacted body of divinity like the shorter catechism guard its possessor from many current vagaries and dangerous error. It pro-

vides a solid basis of religious thought and standard of comparison; challenges investigation; suggests problems still unsolved; and so prepares the way for new light to break from God's Word. Such breviaries have, hence, from earliest times, had place among the auxiliaries of Christian education, than which none have earned for themselves a better degree than that of the Westminster Assembly, upon which Puritan youth until recently were fed. Its waning influence during the last years of the century has involved a serious loss; for nothing of equal merit has been compiled to take its place. It may have erred, perhaps, in knowing too much. But worse than that is the danger of knowing too little, and of being contented with ignorance. This is our danger. Catechetical instruction, indeed, of any thorough and comprehensive sort, is almost a lost art. And the loss entailed, whatever its cause, has been most serious. Education in other departments has swept on, and is leaving religion far in the rear. Other sciences have had their manuals for beginners, while the "science of sciences," lacking these advantages, has suffered neglect; the minds of our youth, unfamiliarized with these systematized teachings, have been left religiously uncultivated—the prey to every specious error or seductive delusion.

The woful folly which all this implies has been most marked just where we should have least expected it. Errorists have not been half so careless in this respect as our orthodox churches. The Mormon hierarchy, for example, lays great stress upon catechetical instruction, with the result that it holds its membership with a grip which one can but admire, even while feeling the hurt of it. Not even our public school system, we are told, with all its liberalizing tendencies, can loosen the hold of the Mormon church upon its adherents. Even those otherwise intelligent cannot shake off the burden. Though restive under its oppression, they will shrink from open rupture. And when it comes to discussions with opponents, a Mormon's thorough indoctrination gives him immense advantage. In some way or other, therefore, it is becoming increasingly manifest, our children must be more thoroughly grounded in Christian truth. Otherwise the church of

Church of Christ must expect to suffer continually heavier losses; and the degree to which Christian sentiment is awakening to the need, and moving toward its supply, is one of the most cheering signs of the times. The generation to come, we may hope, will be better instructed than the present. The makers of Sunday-school manuals are working toward this end. Our wisest pastors are feeling their way and eagerly seeking for helps; are asking for compends in which old truths, modified by present-day thought, shall be expressed in terms of life, adapted to present-day needs. And they are coming. The ideal catechism, indeed, has not yet appeared, but approaches to it are on hand—such, for example, as that prepared by Dr. Doremus Scudder—and "yet there's more," and better, "to follow." The work must be pushed. The life of the church in the generation to come requires it.

It only remains to push the work vigorously; make pastors' classes a more prominent feature of pastoral work; test new methods and improve by comparison; compile catechisms, working ever toward the ideal. So, by God's blessing, a generation of stalwart disciples shall grow up, strong "in the grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Notes.

Friends of The Pacific will do the paper a favor by remitting promptly their subscriptions. The date on the label containing the name shows to what time the subscription is paid. Let the payment be as nearly as possible in advance. All who can pay in this way will make the financial burden easier. July was a poor month for receipts. We hope that August will be better.

It is expected that the meeting of the General Association will be held in Cloverdale, beginning on Tuesday, October 2d. The change from Eureka, whose cordial invitation was accepted last October, has seemed advisable, for geographical reasons. Many will be disappointed and none more than those in Humboldt county, whose hospitality was so freely offered. The church and community of Cloverdale, on learning that a change was contemplated, extended a hearty invitation for the Association to meet with them.

The annual meeting of the Washington Association will be held in Plymouth church, Seattle, from September 18th to the 20th inclusive. An excellent provisional program has

been issued. The Oregon Association is to meet with the church at Hillsboro September the 25th. The editor of *The Pacific* is planning for a trip to Washington and Oregon in September, and hopes to be able to attend the meetings of these Associations. Rev. H. H. Wikoff, the Pacific Coast Secretary of the Church Building Society, also plans to attend.

Rev. Geo. C. Adams, who has just returned from his vacation trip to Alaska, visited, while there, our faithful missionaries on Douglas Island, Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Cole. Under their wise leadership the church is making progress; and Mr. Cole's decision to remain with them another year hopefully assures the permanence of the work. Could the principles of interdenominational comity be fairly carried out, the church might maintain a vigorous, independent life, despite the fluctuating character of the population. The violations of it, in this case, are the more regrettable, since the location was accepted by our missionary, in the interests of Christian comity. Another and more promising field on which work had been begun was abandoned solely on this ground.

Prof. Norton, speaking concerning Pomona College at the last meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, said that more graduate students had gone thence to the University, for advanced work, than from any other institution. And it is to all interested a cheering fact that, not merely by their numbers, but by their standing, these students are shedding honor upon their Alma Mater. Dr. David Barrows, a graduate of 1897, who did excellent work at the University of California, won the title of Ph.D. at Cornell, has since served his native State as principal of the San Diego Normal School, and has now been selected for an important educational post in Manila, is one of several who have honored their Alma Mater as well as themselves "in the eye of the world." And others who, though perhaps less distinguished, are honorably serving their generation, are scattered in all parts of California and elsewhere.

Rev. F. M. Price has returned from his sojourn in the East, with high hope for the future of missionary work in Micronesia. Thirty thousand dollars have been raised, by special contribution, for the proposed extension of the work in those islands. The Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M., though at first questioning their ability to take on any new work, yet came heartily into accord. Pres. Hartrauft of Hartford Theological Seminary, after expressing his sympathy with the movement assured Mr. Price that two of their best men should answer his call for service in Mindanao, provided their consent can be se-

cured. Mindanao, it will be remembered, is one of the two largest islands in the Philippine group; and, by mutual agreement with Presbyterian and Methodist Boards, is recognized as the field of the A. B. C. F. M. Mr. and Mrs. Price are expecting to sail soon from San Francisco for their new station—Guam—on the government vessel *Solace*.

The First Congregational church of Tacoma furnishes the postmaster for Manila, in the person of Mr. F. L. Stocking, who has been assistant postmaster at Tacoma for several years. The appointment came to Mr. Stocking without solicitation, either on the part of himself or his friends. It was purely a reward of merit, and from a desire on the part of the Government to place there a man of ability and integrity. Since Mr. Stocking entered upon his work at Tacoma there have been several changes in the office, Republicans and Democrats being the incumbents, but so valuable a man was he found to be that changes did not effect him. A few months ago, entirely unexpected, there came to him from Washington an inquiry as to whether he would accept an appointment in the postal service at Manila. The appointment was made and accepted, and a few weeks ago followed the appointment to the higher position at a salary of \$4,000 a year. The administration at Washington has done a creditable thing in this appointment. If choice so good is made for other official positions in the Philippines the interests of all concerned will never suffer.

Mayflower church of Pacific Grove is the summertime church for a large number of California people. Many, accordingly, will be glad to learn that work was begun a few days ago on a parsonage. An eight-room house is to be built, at a cost of \$1,520. This will be done "without the aid of the Church Building Society," all of the required amount being now pledged except \$150. The present writer spent a few days in Pacific Grove recently and found the church work prospering with Rev. O. W. Lucas as pastor. Only four hundred dollars are yet to be paid of the one thousand loaned by the Church Building Society when the house of worship was built, a few years ago. When this has been paid and the parsonage put in thorough shape for the pastor, attention will be given to the interior of the church building, which was only partially finished at the time of its construction. Ordinary chairs will give place to pews or opera chairs, and finished woodwork and carpeted floors will give one of the coziest churches in California. The members of Mayflower church are not forgetful of the fact that what they have in church equipment is due in part to friends all over California, and elsewhere, and as of old their gratitude

is shown in the endeavor to make their church a pleasant place of worship for all who go to that seaside resort from time to time for rest and recreation.

The Bystander.

"The Last Supper."

The Bystander was interested in Leonardo Da Vinci's great picture on the wall of the Dominican monastery of Santa Mariadelle Grazie in Milan, Italy. It is called "The Last Supper." It is probably the best known of all the masterpieces, and, like Niagara Falls and St. Peter's and Mt. Shasta, is at first rather disappointing. Indeed, many see nothing whatever in the painting calculated to attract attention. This disappointment may be accounted for on the ground that it has been abused and restored for so many years that there is really nothing left of the original.

It was done in oils "and in one of the unsafe experimental methods which the master was always trying." No great work of art has suffered so much by the blunders of its admirers. King Francis I attempted to detach it from the wall and transport it to France, defended by braces and covers of iron and wood. It was saturated by a flood and the foolish monks assisted in the destruction by cutting a doorway through the lower part of the picture, removing thereby the feet of Christ and the nearest apostles.

Then it was "restored," which was equivalent to destruction. In 1796 Napoleon's cavalry turned the hall into a stable and the soldiers amused themselves by shooting pistol-balls at the heads of the apostles. Mark Twain says the horses kicked the legs off the apostles. After the imperial arms of Austria were nailed on the wall, over the head of Christ, Sir David Wilkie wrote: "Here time has been more unsparing than is his wont—a shadow is all that remains of this once great work."

The picture represents Jesus and the disciples at the moment when our Lord announces his betrayal, and they express their surprise in the question, "Is it I?" The two faces which are conspicuous in the picture are the face of Jesus, which Leonardo confessed he could not portray and probably never did complete, and that of Judas, whose face tells the story of his heart. The picture discloses the worst possibilities of our lives in that the disciples confessed the possibility of betraying Jesus by the question, "Is it I?"

Interesting tales are related as to how the artist secured models for his heads and how he went out on the streets and scrutinized the pedestrians.

Angelo's "Judgment."

In the Sistine Chapel is Angelo's "General Judgment." It, too, is painted on the wall. The Bystander was interested in this picture, because it reflects the theology of the middle

ages, and unfolds in a vivid, literal way the doctrine of the final awards. Angelo was not a painter, but a sculptor, and his figures in this painting are copies of his famous marble designs. For example, it will be noticed that Christ, the Judge, is Angelo's Hercules, described in color. During the creation of this picture Angelo—so runs the story—had difficulty with the Pope and with the Pope's Chamberlain. He used his prerogative as an artist and painted the portrait of the Chamberlain and placed it where he thought he ought to go in hell, whereupon the Chamberlain made bitter complaint and even appealed to the Pope, who told him that he, the Pope, could get men out of Purgatory, but not out of hell, and there he is until this day. The painting is marred by the incense smoke and blackened by the hand of time. But it attracts great attention and fascinates by its terrible imagery, being a sort of apocalypse in color, portraying a law in life, if not an event in time or eternity.

"The Transfiguration."

This has been called the world's masterpiece. The Bystander suspects that people cannot, as a rule, give very clear reasons for this high estimate of the picture which draws to it so many admirers in the Vatican. Passavant says, writing of "The Transfiguration" and the "Sistine Madonna": "These two masterpieces are those that have excited the most constant admiration and the warmest veneration during three centuries throughout all Christendom." In both, the master painted the Christ and the Madonna in the profound splendor of heavenly glorification.

"The Transfiguration" is in two sections, the one describing the scene on the Mount, where Moses and Elias appear to Jesus and the disciples, Peter, James and John. It represents the moment when the celestial voice cries, "This is my beloved son; hear ye him." In the lower section is the scene of the father bringing his afflicted son to the apostles, attended by a crowd of people. The disciples, powerless to cast out the demon, point up to Christ as the only one who has power over evil things. To be sure, this arrangement and the technique of the picture have been criticised, but the tourists and students stand before this majestic revelation in color as in the presence of God.

The picture in the same room called "The Last Communion of St. Jerome" is, too, a great creation, great in its pathetic faith in God and the Church, wonderful in execution and peaceful as the golden sunset.

The Bystander was constantly reminded of the inspiration which Christ gave to art and that the Holy Family have furnished to the world more ideals, more beauty, more themes for music and art, than all the royal families of all the world.

Blue Monday Papers.

By W. H. G. Temple.

PUBLIC DUTY VS. PARISH WORK.

An advocate on either side of this case will find difficulty in putting his client's interests without misgivings. The trouble seems to be that the more facts we examine and the more witnesses we call, the more hesitancy we have in coming to a verdict. I think this will be acknowledged to be true. The more conscientious a minister is in determining this double relationship of his work, the harder it will be to decide the proper apportionment of his time and energy. When I went from my first pastorate in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts to my Boston church of six hundred families, I felt that it would take at least a whole year to get acquainted with my new charge; and I said boldly, and perhaps a little bluntly: "I will take no outside work of any kind for a full twelve-month. I must give every moment and every thought to this parish which has honored me by its call." I thought I was doing a wise and praiseworthy thing. Invitations poured in to speak at one anniversary and another, for one cause and mother; but I resolutely withstood them all. Even the Boston Ministers' Meeting and the Congregational Club made no inroads on my unyielding will. And as for the Grand Army, it doubted very seriously my patriotism; and knowing my British nativity, probably concluded that too many foreigners altogether had somehow secured positions of prominence in our larger cities. Now, note the result. When I began to feel a little liberty to attend to outside matters, the people who were anxious for my services at first had made up their mind that I took no interest in public questions and had no public spirit, and it took two or three years to disabuse them of that idea. When I came to Seattle I did just the opposite. I plunged into all sorts of public questions, and identified myself with every interest of the city and State, and now I suppose I am laying myself open to a charge of failing citizenship, because I find it absolutely necessary to drop some things along the line of public duty, that I may not wreck, altogether, my parish work. This quandary has set me to thinking. Hence, this article.

This question in debate has two sides even in size and importance than almost any other. No church can hold its influence in a community unless its pastor be a man of public spirit. Wherever he speaks for the cause of humanity, in any of its phases, his church is honored by his advocacy. She receives as much credit as he, if he is successful in this larger service. If it takes his time, it makes her equally prominent. The church whose pastor nobody else wants to

hear will conclude that she has reasons for arriving at the same decision. On the other hand, a pastor who is always attending to everything else but the particular work to which he has been called, and to which he has professed to consecrate himself, must not be surprised if his parish finally exhausts its forbearance and seriously complains. To be fair, we must admit that there are ambitious and thoughtless ministers, as well as crochety and exacting parishioners, just as there are conscientious ministers who feel their servanthship to both public and parish, and large-hearted people who appreciate the situation and are not always whining because of lack of pastoral attention. How shall an average man do in an average parish?

After serving a country church in a farming parish ten miles square, and a compact city church whose constituency was lodged into a space about a mile square, and now a city church with all the breadth and circumference of a country charge, I have arrived at a decision for myself which may help to decide others.

A minister is called to be the leader of his people. He is to be their teacher in moral and spiritual things. He is fallible, and therefore makes mistakes, and his people recognize them. He is so human that they find occasion, often, to disagree with him. But if he be a genuine man, their respect for his sincerity and earnestness will counteract all other things, and by the downright manliness of his nature he will be their real leader. His preaching will stimulate them to higher and holier living. He will also be their shepherd. Here, too, will he show his leadership. No hiring him. No man of uncertain policy and wavering decision. No weak-kneed, gelatinous vertebrate he, afraid to take the responsibility of his convictions, continually asking promiscuous advice instead of giving it, and wondering all the time what influence his proposed course will have on his position and his salary. Such a man can not follow intelligently, let alone lead his people. It needs manhood to do both, only care should be taken in choosing one's leader. Neither will he be a dictator. A good general does not always command. Sometimes it is more effective to suggest. Kings are only servants. Servanthship and kingship are compatible, but servanthship and czarship, never. A minister who is always afraid of displeasing his people will never truly serve them. Men-pleasers are never men-servers. He is to please his Master and serve his people by leading them as a shepherd leads his flock—as a wise general leads his army. A minister is an absolute and wretched failure unless he is a leader of his people, and they will be the very first ones to detect it. But this element of leadership is not a faculty that operates under some circumstances and not under oth-

ers. If it distinguishes a man as a clergyman it will distinguish him as a citizen. It is no specific. It is something in the blood that is pumped through the heart and finds all the extremities. You can't repress it, any more than you can stop breathing and still live. Like water, it must find its level; like light, it must discover its farthest influence.

How is the wise minister to regulate its operation? As best he can. His duty to his people as preacher and pastor is first—always first. His duty to the public is a clearly defined obligation, but it must take second place. If a pastor loves his people and is conscientiously their servant for Jesus' sake, and a church loves her minister and has confidence in him, there will never be any conflict. If I had said this in the beginning the foregoing would not have been necessary. But has it not been necessary to reach the conclusion?

Seattle.

Notes on a Trip to the Mother Country.

I. General, and of Interest to Cyclists.

By Prof. Frank H. Foster.

My friend, the editor, wants me to jot down certain things about a recent trip to England and Scotland. I begin by describing the trip itself briefly, for it was somewhat unique, and may afford suggestions to others.

It was principally a bicycle trip, with free use of the railroads wherever they could help. I had, of course, a traveling companion, whom I will only designate here as a dear friend, now settled in the ministry in Connecticut. We sailed by the American Line, landed in Southampton, and made our various ways; one of us to Paris for a brief stay, and the other to Bradford, Yorkshire, where there were some lectures to be given. Joining one another at Bradford again, we cycled south, through Sheffield, Derby, Lichfield, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford and Windsor to London, where we spent a week. We thus saw four cathedrals, or abbey churches: Wakefield—a parish church erected into a cathedral—Lichfield, Oxford and Dorchester Abbey. Our tour was planned with reference to the cathedrals—we used them as pegs on which to hang all the rest. A week in London was followed by a cycle trip through the cathedral cities of Rochester, Canterbury, Chichester, Winchester, Salisbury and St. Albans, to Cambridge. After a rest here we went through Suffolk and Norfolk and then north, visiting Norwich, Ely, Peterborough and Crowland, and pausing again at Boston. Lincolnshire is the mother-country of the Congregationalism of America, and our next tour carried us through Lincoln to Gainsborough, the supposed birthplace of John Robinson; to Bawtey and Scrooby, the first location of the Pilgrim church of Plymouth. Then York and Durham, and Scotland!

Here we visited the Walter Scott country, went as far north as Inverness, came back via the Caledonian Canal, Ft. William and Oban, to Glasgow, Ayr, and thence to the English Lake country. Then a final rush for Chester and Hawarden, and a brief visit to Bedford, John Bunyan's town, brought us to London. We went 1,395 miles by wheel, according to corrected cyclometer record, and about 1,200 miles by rail.

I purchased a new Columbia chain wheel in New York and took it with me. A chainless would have been better, for we had some muddy and some rainy riding. But the chain gave us no trouble, and out of fifty-six days of touring only five were rainy. Every wheel ought to have the "coasting brake." There was the disadvantage of not finding repairers who are acquainted with American wheels, or have American supplies—cement, tire tape, etc., etc. But a good wheel needs but few repairs, and a good wheelman can make them himself. The roads of England are fine, level, smooth roads; but in the South they are universally made of broken flints, which crush still more under the horses' hoofs and make numerous razor-edges and glass-like spines, to cut and puncture. South and North there are hawthorn hedges abounding in thorns. But in the 1,400 miles I had but five punctures; two from thorns and three from flints; and two sticky valves, which had to be taken out and cleaned, complete the catalogue of mishaps. That isn't bad. I *saved* the weight of the English wheel, which would have been a real obstacle. I found the light American, when loaded with camera, tools, and bag of clothing and daily necessities, full heavy enough.

We both took out cards in the "Cyclists' Touring Club" of England. This gave us a variety of privileges, of which we found little occasion to avail ourselves, for nothing of an untoward sort happened to us from beginning to end. We had, among other things, the Club's list of hotels, and this saved us a great deal of trouble and expense. We always knew where to go and exactly how much we had to pay. In three cases I had to dispute the bill. In two of these it was a mere blunder, and in the third it was at once corrected. I saved about a dollar for us both each time, and that probably measures the pecuniary advantage of membership in the C. T. C.

The tour was one by two ministers, chiefly interested in churches, schools and ministers. The last were plenty enough. You are impressed in England with the ubiquitous policeman. You find him in the remotest and most solitary country localities. But equally ubiquitous is the parson; and, with his flat hat, straight collar and high vest, he is immediately recognizable, though it is not always possi-

ble to distinguish churchmen and dissenters, for many of the latter have the poor taste to imitate the dress of the former—some even in the church! The tour might not have suited many. But, as we jogged along through the villages, peered into the churches, visited the castles, gazed at the city sights, and occasionally enjoyed the rare hospitality of English homes, we received many impressions of great interest to ourselves—some of which I will try here to reproduce. It was a tour primarily for rest; I hope my readers may find the narratives I shall give restful, also.

The Gospel on Ponape.

By Rev. Francis M. Price.

The recent departure of the little schooner, the "Queen of the Isles," for Ponape, carrying four missionaries to re-open the work there, recalls the history of missionary work on that beautiful island. It was in 1852 that the good ship "Caroline" took our first missionaries thither—Dr. and Mrs. Gulick, and Rev. and Mrs. Sturges. Landing on that far-off shore, these earnest men, with their brave young wives, found a people perhaps the lowest in the scale of existence. Their clothing but imperfectly covered their loins; their unkempt hair was matted with dirt, sometimes knotted on the top of the head and sometimes hanging loosely down the back; their bodies were covered with paint and tattooed figures; charms and amulets hung in their ears and from necks, wrists and ankles; while their faces were written all over with the results of lives of ignorance, indolence and impurity. Social laws held them loosely. Men and women paired, but did not marry, and parted for trivial reasons; and the most abhorrent social customs obtained, and fighting was incessant. It was not safe for a native of the island to sail round it in a canoe; enemies lurked everywhere. The people were without a written language and almost without traditions. They had no religious organizations, although they worshipped almost everything. Poor, lost, degraded, uncared-for people—living like brutes, and yet men and women. Worshipping and serving the creature, unmindful of the Creator, they stretched out helpless hands for succor. The first contact with heathenism is always a shock, and doubtless these young missionaries felt it; but I believe that could you have looked into their hearts you would have seen this purpose, written there by the finger of God: "By the help of the Holy Spirit, we will transform these people into the image of Jesus Christ." Never was an undertaking more preposterous. To transform these people, so abhorrent in appearance, so degraded in heart, whose language knew not the word for virgin, because they never knew the fact; in which there was no word for

clean or cleanness, because they had no use for such words—to transform such people by the simple teaching of the gospel into the image of the spotless Son of God, was not a task for men, depending on human means, to accomplish. The first years were marked by hard labor, seemingly unrewarded, and shot through with many sorrows. The language was acquired and reduced to writing; portions of the Scriptures and a few hymns were translated, and such people as would hear were instructed. A plague of smallpox visited the island and carried off one-third the people. Then Dr. Gulick, at the risk of his own life, inoculated himself with some pus taken from a sore on one of the natives, and was able to produce a virus by which he stayed the plague. As a result, the people began to see that the missionaries were their friends. Slowly their prejudices gave way before the kindness of these strangers; but it was eight years before the first trusted converts were reported. In 1860 one of the missionaries wrote: "After a night of eight years, we have had the privilege of receiving to the church fellowship three converts." These were one man and two women. The man was a native of Mindanao who had come to Ponape in early life and married a princess. The following year eight others were deemed worthy and a church was organized. The candidates spent the night before their baptism in singing and prayer, and this was written of them later: "It is most pleasing to see how these Christians love one another. Here are men, but a few years ago engaged in hostile strife, trying to destroy each other, now loving as brethren."

The period following the organization of the church was one of rapid evangelization. The converts "went everywhere, preaching the word." The new religion became the uppermost topic of conversation; men and women repeated to friends and neighbors the old story—the most powerful story that ever has been told, or ever can be—the story of "what Christ has done for me"; and the gospel spread, just as the Master said it would, like leaven in the lump of meal. Christian churches sprang up here and there and became centers of religious communities; young couples from the mission schools became pastors of these churches and established Christian homes which became models for others. Children flocked to the day schools. Marriage became the rule of social life, decent clothing replaced the body-paint, wars ceased and human life was safe. When the Spanish came in 1887 they found a people on Ponape practically reclaimed from heathenism, engaged in the quiet and happy pursuits of peace. At that time every chief on the island had espoused the cause of Christianity excepting one, and he had asked that a Christian teacher be locat-

ed among his people, that they might know the way of life.

Now comes a period, the most pathetic in the history of the island missions. It is difficult to write fairly of the Spanish occupation of Ponape. I am convinced that their disastrous rule of that island—it is the only one of the Eastern Carolines that they attempted to rule—was a blunder rather than a settled purpose to injure the people. The governors seemed desirous of helping the natives and giving them the benefits of a good civilization, but their methods of doing this were curious, not to say cruel. One was to stamp out Protestantism; and this brought ruin to themselves as well as the people. The Protestant missionaries, "the Methodists from Boston," they called them, were first opposed and then driven out. Mr. Doane was carried to Manila in irons; but when "no fault at all" was found in him he was sent back. This treatment probably hastened his death. Native Christians were intimidated, or allured away by temptation to drink or by flattering promises, persecutions leading to war and imprisonment were instituted, and every means known to them was used to crush out the unprotected and diminishing Protestant communities. Many failed, but many remained true. Henry Nanapei was prominent among the latter. During the Spanish occupation he put up buildings, maintained a school of more than 200 pupils at his own expense, and in many ways encouraged the Christians to continue in the good word of life. For this he suffered the loss of many things, and finally incarceration for nine months in a dirty prison, where, with his wife and seven children, he almost died of starvation.

William, a faithful trader, who was bound and carried to the governor's house at one time, has held together a group of believers on the island of Mauts, which is inside the reef that surrounds Ponape, where they have a neat church, covered with corrugated iron, in which Sunday services and a day school have been faithfully maintained. Other little communities, with their chiefs, still cling to the faith, some of them imperfectly and blindly, but all with the hope of better days. In all there are now 350 Christians who are ready to welcome the return of the foreign teachers. Miss Foss and Miss Palmer return to the field from which they were expelled, and are known to most readers of *The Pacific*; Mr. and Mrs. Gray go down for the first time. Their pictures and a brief mention of their antecedents may be found in the *Missionary Herald* for August. They were both members of Dr. Chas. M. Sheldon's church in Topeka, Kansas. They are well equipped for work and thoroughly consecrated to the service of their Master. Mr. Gray is a graduate of Washburn

College and Chicago Theological Seminary, and Mrs. Gray completed the course in the Chicago Conservatory of Music and is especially proficient in performing on the violin. The music-loving Ponapeans will especially welcome her assistance in service of song. We regret that not more of our church people met these missionaries as they sojourned in San Francisco. They go to a difficult and important work, and should have the sympathy and prayers of all God's people, that they may successfully restore the former things in Ponape and perfect the work so well begun by the noble men and women who have gone to their reward.

698 Thirty-fifth street, Oakland.

The Kenosis.

By S. M. Freeland.

A few years ago a gentleman who had officially attended the last annual examinations of one of our important theological seminaries of the East told me of this occurrence. The professor asked the student whether he thought there was such a thing as a possession of demons in the days of the Christ. The student thought there was not. "Would it make any difference to your belief if you knew that Jesus Christ thought there was such possession?" "Not at all." Which answer seemed to be in accordance with the views of the professor as to what the pupil ought to believe.

At this point exactly is the place of divergence between the Rationalist and Evangelical schools of interpretation of the Bible as it touches Christianity.

Supposing one to have Paul's belief in the pre-existence of the Christ, he sees that this Son of God "emptied himself" (Phil. ii: 7), of many things. He himself declared that the Son did not know of some of the times and seasons which the Father had put in his own hands (Mark xiii: 32). Of how much other knowledge did he divest himself? Did he not know even his ignorance? And when he tells us of the unseen world and of our future life, did he know nothing more of all this than other men of his time? If he was entirely emptied of his knowledge, then is he to be studied, and followed or discarded, as one would study, and follow or discard Plato or Bacon or Horace Bushnell. And his belief in his own miracle-working is hardly worth more than Mrs. Eddy's.

One of my friends was talking some time ago with a prominent Unitarian pastor of his acquaintance and supposed that he had found common ground in asserting: "At least you will acknowledge Jesus Christ to be the greatest and the best." "Up-to-date" was the reply. Jesus Christ was thoroughly "empty" to that man.

One of the younger pastors of New England gave it recently, in my hearing, as his judgment that about one-half of the pastors under forty years of age in that part of our country do not believe in the miraculous conception of Jesus the Christ, or in his bodily resurrection, and are believers in Dr. Gordon's theory of a universal salvation. Of course, all these must believe in a complete "kenosis" of the Christ, if they believe in any sort of divinity in him which could be emptied of anything.

And thus the rationalism of the end of the eighteenth century in New England is returning to us in all the land in its cycle of one hundred years. Can rationalism save men from sin, or persuade them to save themselves from it? Or does it say that we are not sinners, only the children of evolution, a little slow, perhaps, in coming to our full growth?

But yet, if Jesus Christ was only a Teacher and no Redeemer—only an "up-to-date" teacher—we ought to know it, if an "ought" can come to a man who can do no sin—for truth is true, and then should we all cease from the folly of proclaiming a salvation which is not needed and cannot be—if we can commit a folly who are only halting a little in our evolution. If there is no "sin," there can be no "ought," nor any "blame," nor any "retribution."

And if this is all true, then was the Chicago pastor correct in statement when he declared that Jesus Christ's views of the destiny of man are passing away. And then, why should there be Christian churches? Do we want to fasten ourselves to an "empty" Christ, an out-of-date teacher?

Public Ownership.

By E. Woodward Brown.

All over this country and Europe there is to-day a marked agitation as to the ownership of what are called public utilities. How far the public ownership of industries shall go is a hard question to answer. It is how far the state shall control the railroads, the telegraph system and the telephone service; how far the city shall own the lighting plant, the water supply and the street railway. And yet a number of hard questions of this sort are continually being asked. The idea of collectivism is in men's minds. The questions are emphasized by the existence among us of gigantic corporations—corporations whose great object is not the public welfare, but profit; corporations that seemingly are monopolies; corporations that in a measure are not accountable to the state or to the people, but are to a degree strong, irresponsible associations that consult mainly their own interests. They have no personality, as a single individual has. They have no such character as a single person is expected or forced to have. If personal, they

would by their actions often be called immoral. As it is, they are largely *immoral*, or without moral character at all. In a sense they are great natural forces at work among us, with great powers of good and evil. That the people get the mastery of them, control them, seems essential to public welfare.

But how shall the people through their official organ, the state, use their authority, exercise their mastery? There are three answers to this question. "One is that of the socialist, Let the state undertake the management of the great industries which these corporations represent. The second is, Let the state simply control the corporations and only in a general manner; simply superintend them, regulate them, just as now it superintends, in the United States, the national banks; let the state leave the industries as now to private enterprise, but control them so that they shall not work exclusively for private interests, disregarding the interests of the public. The state, which gives to a railroad company power and prerogative and endorsement and protection, may properly control that road in that part of its administration which directly concerns the public. The third answer is, Let the state or city, as the case may be, manage some industries itself, and simply control others, and those the main body.

The Trouble in China.

The Rev. George Hudson, an English missionary in China, writes as follows in the London Christian:

"At a time when the hearts and minds of the civilized world are necessarily turned to China, where the most tragic events are succeeding each other with frightful rapidity, it behooves all who have any knowledge of the causes leading to the present outbreaks to contribute their quota towards enabling the public to obtain a correct view of the situation.

It must be borne in mind that the present outbreaks are not anti-Christian in their nature, but *anti-foreign*. Their object is not the suppression of Christianity, but the total elimination of the foreign element from Chinese affairs. The fact that the native Christians have suffered so severely arises, not so much from their profession of Christianity as from their identification with the foreigners who have introduced Christianity into China. These are regarded as agents of the various foreign powers, sent to China for the express purpose of stirring up sedition, and thus preparing the way for the Emperor's broad domains to be overrun and conquered by the armies which it is believed will follow in the wake of the supposed secret political agent. Let it be noted that the text of the decrees of the Empress-Dowager and the latest usurper of the Imper-

ial prerogatives is "Expel or exterminate the *foreigner*." The fact that Kiaochau was seized by the Germans as part compensation for the murder of two German missionaries—that this was accompanied by the seizure of Port Arthur by the Russians, and Wei-hai-wei by the British, and soon after followed by a demand from the Italians for a "concession" at Sammen Bay, on the coast of Chekiang—is proof positive to the Chinese that the religious propaganda is only a cloak for the political, and that the ultimate design of the Western nations is the absorption of China.

It must also be remembered that books, newspaper articles, etc., have openly discussed the partition of the Empire for years past. It seems to have been assumed that all this discussion went on without the knowledge of the Chinese authorities. Perhaps it will be news to many of your readers to learn that Bureaux of Foreign Affairs have been established in many, if not all, of the provincial capitals; that an English-speaking Chinese is attached to each bureau as interpreter and translator; and that through him the high provincial authorities have been able to follow closely the outspoken and ill-advised proposals for dismemberment. I am well acquainted with this official at Hangchow, the capital of Chekiang, and can testify to his accurate knowledge of English, and ability to inform his superiors of what was being planned for their country by the Occidental world.

By the efforts of the French Minister, the Chinese Government was induced last summer to grant official status to the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The effect of this is that the Bishops and clergy may carry on negotiations with the various officials independent of the consular authorities. Bishops are entitled to demand interviews and conduct affairs with viceroys and governors, priests with prefects and magistrates; just as if they were possessed with ministerial or consular rank. It is inconceivable that a Chinese will be able to distinguish between the political agent and the religious propagandist under such circumstances.

I venture to bespeak beforehand an impartial hearing and careful consideration of what I believe to be a third and very potent cause of the hatred of foreigners on the part of the Chinese. I refer to the opium traffic. I am perfectly aware that no less an authority than the present Viceroy of India, in his able work, "Problems of the Far East," dismissed the whole opium question in about twenty contemptuous lines, and informs us that "the pretence that China is hostile to the British people or to Christian missions because we introduced to her the opium habit * * * is about as rational as to say that the national soreness that sometimes arises between England and France, is due to our resentment at having to

cross the Channel for our best brandy."

I can assure his Excellency and your readers that he is profoundly mistaken. If he had taken the trouble to inquire in the proper quarter he could easily have found abundant proof of the two following propositions, which I submit without fear of contradiction:

"First, that the Chinese trace their national decay and attribute their national disasters to the use of opium."

"Second, that the introduction of the habit is indissolubly associated with their intercourse with foreign nations, and especially Britain."

These sentiments are common to all classes. The great Viceroy at Wuchang, Chang Chih Tung, probably the ablest man in China today, has denounced the use of the drug in unmeasured terms, comparing it to a devastating flood which sweeps everything into destruction in its onward rush. The general manager of the Salt Gabelle, a high official in Soochow, writes:

"From ancient times to the present day there has never been such a stream of evil and misery as has come down upon China in her receiving the curse of opium. * * * From the time that opium was first introduced into China until now, a period of over a hundred years, the number of deaths directly caused by it must count up into the millions. * * * Now, in China there are many among the upper classes who seem to be in ignorance concerning the true state of affairs, and are not willing to blame the Chinese for their fault in using opium, but ascribe the real cause of the whole trouble to the avariciousness of foreigners, and thus look upon them with hatred. Also, the ignorant masses having even intenser antipathy towards them, we continually see on every hand anti-missionary outbreaks and riots."

How the Boxer Rioting was Precipitated

Guy Morrison Walker, in "Leslie's Weekly."

In laying out the proposed railroad through Shantung the engineers became offended at protesting villagers, and, bringing up an armed force, completely exterminated two villages as a "warning" to others.

The present outbreak of the Boxers, which began with the murder of Dr. Brooks on January 2d, was precipitated by a German engineer, who brutally killed a boy by knocking him over the head with the handle of his riding-whip. Nor is it strange that Chinese feeling should have been directed against the missionary in whose home this engineer stayed that night without even mentioning the reason he sought shelter. Priests who came to teach religion have stayed to usurp the functions of local magistrates. But it is useless to multiply incidents, for it is an unbroken tale of coercion and bad faith, of ports forced open at the

cannon's mouth, of exorbitant indemnities for the most insignificant claims, of rich concessions wrung from an unwilling Government by duress, of the total disregard of Chinese sentiment, and the brutal outrage of Chinese feeling, of the utter ignoring of private rights and international comity.

In addition to this the sensational papers of Tientsin and Shanghai have for the past two years discussed little else but the coming "partitions," and the probable "division" of the empire, until the natives have become thoroughly alarmed. No wonder the people have come to look with suspicion or hatred upon all foreigners, and are filled with resentment against a dynasty that has so failed to preserve the honor and integrity of their empire.

Dynasties have lasted in China only as long as they have protected the people in their rights, and the present uprising is intent on either relieving the throne from foreign coercion or on establishing a new dynasty in its stead. Foreigners, as usual, have shown a disregard for established customs and laws that they would not dare display in any other capital of the world. Guards sent to protect the legations have roamed about Peking trespassing where Chinamen themselves are not allowed to go, creating disturbances and alarming the superstitious by the reckless discharge of firearms from the city wall, while their reported attempt to enter the Forbidden City, those sacred precincts reserved exclusively for the Son of Heaven, could not fail to incense the people and gain recruits for the rebels.

The bombardment of the Taku forts was worse than a mistake—it was a criminal blunder. They could have been taken as easily as they were whenever the necessity arose. The Chinese army would probably have prided itself on its protection of the foreigners had the foreign forces shown their intention to rely on that protection; but the action at Taku threw the entire Chinese army into the arms of the Boxers, and left the foreign colony in Peking at the mercy of the mobs. They who have sowed the wind are reaping the whirlwind, and the crimes and outrages of a cycle of dishonor have been wiped out in one of those blind outbreaks of human rage, the final protest of races against cumulating encroachments on their rights.

Governor Richards of Wyoming says: "The suffrage of the women has been a distinct gain to politics in this State in at least two ways. It certainly has raised the standard of character of candidates for offices. The women will not support a man of recognized bad character, and politicians, knowing this, act accordingly. Again, it has led to the holding of primaries in decent places where women can attend. These gains we count a blessing in our State."

The Busy World.

Miss Portia Washington, the only daughter of Booker T. Washington, was one of the sixty-six graduates of Tuskegee, this year.

An Indiana man, to whom were born three sons a few weeks ago, has named them, William, Jennings and Bryan. If Bryan is elected President that man is likely to get at least a postoffice appointment.

The United States Department of Agriculture has requested Mrs. Carrie Williams of San Diego, Cal., for permission to refer to her, those of its correspondents who write for information concerning silk culture. Mrs. Williams is said to know more on this subject than any other person in this country.

A scientific congress sitting in Rome came to the unanimous conclusion that the trailing skirts of women are productive of disease. On the dresses of women who had promenaded the streets for an hour were discovered whole colonies of microbes. As in former cases, though, where science and style have come in conflict, science has been compelled to take a back seat.

The Germans are said to make underclothing of the fiber of pine needles, as well as socks for men and stockings for women, while knee warmers, knitting and darning yarns, cork soles, quilts, wadding, deafening paper for walls, pine needle soap, incense, and even cigars made from this raw material have been imported from Germany for years. Bathing resorts have also been established at points where the pine needles are crushed, and these resorts have long been popular with people afflicted with rheumatism, consumption, etc.

For some time there has been a steady decrease in the number of young women in domestic service in England. The London Christian says: "How is it to be made more attractive? The first thing to be done is to get rid of the social stigma which is still supposed to be associated with it. Service is not servitude. There is no degradation in a calling which lies at the root of family peace and comfort. Consideration, kindness, and loyalty on both sides are the conditions of success, and these are within the reach of all mistresses and servants.

Mrs. Benjamin Diggory of Pueblo, Col., in a recent interview concerning the workings of woman suffrage in that State, was asked as to the interest in the movement by the women themselves. She replied: "Women of all classes vote and take part in politics, but the greatest part of the work is done by the women of the great middle class, the backbone of the country. Women of wealth and leisure give of their money liberally, and go religious-

ly to the polls on election day, but the active work is done by the middle classes. But all are interested, all are enthusiastic, and not a woman of them all would be willing to go back to the old days and the old order, when women had no voice in the affairs of State and Nation."

Fish-scales are being utilized in France, where a chemist has discovered that the scales may be used in the manufacture of artificial pearls, and our Consul at Lyons has found that the supply is inadequate, and that there is an actual demand for large quantities of the scales in his consulate, where good prices are paid for them. The scales should be sprinkled with salt as soon as they are removed from the fish and packed in tin cans. Any specimens sent to Mr. Covert, at Lyons, will receive careful attention, and the results, with any suggestions that may be made, and particulars of price offered, will be duly reported. As the American sturgeon has the most beautiful and largest scales of almost any fish in the world, this may be of considerable importance to fishermen who engage in catching sturgeon.

The United Hebrew Charities of New York have in effect a plan for systematized charity which seems to work well, according to the facts given in the Charities Review. The five societies of New York and sixteen co-operating associations and sisterhoods are working under one general head. They maintain an employment bureau and medical obstetrical service. They provide regular monthly stipends aggregating \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year; occasional relief amounting to \$40,000 annually; transportation, \$10,000; clothing, shoes, and furniture, \$8,000; fuel, \$3,000; medical service, \$8,000; and burials, \$3,000. The total disbursements of the bureau during 1899 were \$136,439. The association loans many tools to workmen, who thus become self-supporting. The annual report of the organization throws interesting light on the theory that charity is pauperizing in its effects. An investigation was made by the secretary, who discovered that of those who asked for assistance in 1894 sixty per cent did not ask after that year, 73 per cent were off the books after 1895, 80 per cent after 1896, 85 after 1897, and 93 after 1899, leaving but 7 per cent who are still assisted. Of 100 cases chosen at random that were given relief in 1894 it was found that 12 were now self-supporting, 22 had removed to other localities upon transportation furnished, and 66 were not to be found, the presumption being that a large proportion of these have also become self-supporting. These figures show the absence of a pauperizing effect of charity as administered by the United Hebrew Charities.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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Treasurer.....	Mrs. S. M. Dodge
1275 Sixth Avenue, Oakland.	
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. C. B. Bradley
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576 East Fourteenth Street, Oakland.	
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Miss Grace Goodhue, 1722 Geary Street.	

An Answer to Prayer.

Several years ago a missionary returning to America for rest brought with him a Zulu boy, who was anxious to obtain more of an education than was then possible to get at home. This boy, whom we will call John, expended all his small stock of money in paying for his passage over, hoping to support himself through his studies by work of various kinds. He had been told that probably some kind person would be glad to give him a home and pay his expenses. This he found was not true. He was taken to a town where were schools of all kinds, from the public schools, through college, to the theological seminary. Here he was left to make his own way among strangers, having only a limited knowledge of the English tongue. During the first two days he worked hard in some kind of manual labor, it not being time for the schools to open. The hard work, combined with improper food, brought on an attack of illness. Poor John felt alone indeed, not knowing of a single person who cared for him in town. But a lady who had been in Africa and had known John's father, having heard of his arrival, started out to find him and came to the house where he was staying, just as he was combating a severe attack of the "blues." Entering his room she greeted him in Zulu, which brought a look of wonder, almost of fear, into his eyes. "Who are you?" he inquired, starting up. The lady explained who she was and that she had just heard of his arrival. Some months after, John told of his sad and homesick feeling at this time. He said: "I felt all alone, being so far away from my friends. I was sick and thought perhaps I would die. Then I prayed earnestly to God to help me and guide me. Then I heard the door-bell ring, and soon you came in and spoke to me in Zulu, and I felt that God had answered my prayer even while I was praying. You helped me to find work and friends and a more comfortable place to live. Now I feel sure that God hears and answers prayer."

By his pleasant manner and real worth John soon began making friends. He entered the public schools and made rapid progress after becoming familiar with English. He

sought work, being willing to do anything to pay his way. A little pecuniary aid he received from friends who knew of him; but, in general, he helped himself along.

After three or four years his health began to fail; the damp, cold winters proved too hard on his lungs. A physician told him his only chance of life lay in going to a warmer climate. Sorrowing because he had not been able to accomplish all he had hoped for, John went home again, still feeling sure that God was helping him. In a short time he was better and was able to be of use to the missionaries in their work. He taught school, preached sometimes, and set a good example to the natives around him. Later on he married a girl who had been through one of the girls' schools and they began work together.

But John never felt that he knew enough to do the best work; so, being quite recovered, he decided to come to America again to study, and bring his wife with him that she might profit by the wider opportunity for study. Still trusting in God for help and not neglecting to do all they could themselves, these two came over to America. They worked hard in studying, lecturing, doing all they could to aid in their object. They kept house in a modest way and received into their family a brother of John's, whom they started in the way of getting an education and finally put into a good school.

There were, also, two cousins living with them, one of them being heir to a chieftainship, who had been sent by his father to learn somewhat of American ways, that he might know how to guide his people better when he should rule over them.

John learned to speak and write English fluently. A letter written by him shortly before returning home was expressed in an admirable manner. There was no trace in it of its having been written by a foreigner.

At last John accomplished his object. He finished his studies and was ordained by an Association in the East. Now he is pastor of his home church, where he was born. His father was pastor of the same church for several years. Those who know John expect to hear great things of him some day. He and his wife are earnest Christians and they believe and know that God answers prayer. Are they not right?

They say I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's feet on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as before. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house I live in. But I am young, younger than I ever was before.—[Guthrie.]

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Rev. Burton A. Palmer.

The Man Born Blind (John ix: 1-17).

LESSON VIII. August 19, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“*One thing I know that, whereas I was blind, now I see!*” (John ix: 25).

Introduction.

Time: Middle of October, A. D. 29, about six months before the Crucifixion.

Place: Jerusalem.

Connection: The VIIth and VIIIth chapters of John ought to be re-read this week to bring freshly to mind what had occurred since the discourse on forgiveness which we studied for August 12th. That was the final discourse in Galilee, so far as the records show. The Feast of Tabernacles was at hand. It occurred that year, October 11th to 18th. Jesus was urged by his brethren to go up to that feast, seeking notoriety. Perhaps they thought and hoped that if he did he would be crowned. He refused to go for that purpose. Later, however, he went to the feast and taught in the temple. The Pharisees murmured, and sought to have him arrested, but failed.

After refreshing his spirit by a night of communion on Mount Olivet, Jesus returned to the temple. Then came the silencing of the brutal Pharisaic accusers of the sinful woman, and she was sent out to “sin no more.”

Sometime that same week Jesus preached to the festival throngs, declaring himself to be the light of the world, and announcing his service as the service of spiritual freedom, and that he himself “proceeded forth and came from God.” Though he challenged them to convince him of sin, they could only reply by calling him names—“Samaritan” and “demoniac.” Then he drove his claim further, and when he said, “If a man keep my word he shall never see death”; “Before Abraham was, I am,” he left the Jews only one of two things to do—fall down to worship him or pick up stones to stone him. They did the latter. But he passed through the midst, hidden from them in some way, and so passed by. The next, among his recorded acts, are probably those that our lesson presents in the first verses of the next chapter. The whole chapter should be read to get the whole story of that blind man.

Lesson Notes.

V. 1. “As Jesus passed by.” Probably near the Temple gates where beggars found their best opportunities (cf. Acts iii: 2). It may be it was the same day that the Jews had taken up stones to cast at Jesus, though some think it was the Sabbath following. “Blind from his birth.” Such cases are exceptionally hopeless, even in modern medical practice; they were absolutely hopeless in that age. A half-dozen

other instances of Christ's curing blind men are specified by the evangelists and others are referred to, but in this case only do they speak of blindness from birth.

V. 2. "Who did sin?" etc. The question, whether or not all suffering is sent as retribution for individual sin, is as ancient as the Book of Job and as modern as John Fiske's most recent volume. Among the Jewish rabbis it had been settled in the affirmative, but they were sometimes puzzled to decide which individual had been the cause of a given misfortune. So with the disciples here.

Vs. 3, 4. "Neither." Not meaning that they were sinless, but rather to be read, supplying the sense from the context, "It is not that either of them had sinned." "But that the works," etc. Punctuation marks are not inspired. The oldest extant manuscripts do not have them, and in John's day they were unknown. There may be some blunders in the punctuating which was done some centuries later. Some careful Greek scholars believe that these words before us are not punctuated as they were spoken. They would put a period after "parents," and only a comma after "in him." As it materially affects a debatable doctrine, it is well to notice how the passage would read with the other punctuation: "Neither did this man sin nor his parents." (Here the speculative question is dismissed without discussion.) "But, that the works of God should be made manifest in him, we must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

V. 5. "I am the light of the world." He had told the people so during the Feast (cf. viii: 12). Now he will give a twofold illustration of it, physical and spiritual. He will open this poor man's physical eyes by a physical act, and then deal with his spirit until the man sees the Light and says of "the Son of God," and to him, "Lord, I believe!" (cf., vs. 11, 17, 25, 33, 35 and 38.)

V. 6. "Made clay." Not that Christ could not have cured without using any of the *means* that doctors then vainly resorted to; but he would give this man who could not see him some tangible thing to quicken and focus his faith.

V. 7. "Go, wash." He must do something himself to show his faith. "Pool of Siloam." Three or four hundred yards southeast from the Temple, at that time near the city wall, not far from the lower road to Bethany (cf. Neh. iii: 15 and Is. viii: 6. for the Hebrew name; in both passages the (Greek) Septuagint translation, much used in the time of Christ, uses this same word, "Siloam.") Doubtless, the same cistern and aqueduct are referred to in each case.

V. 8. "Neighbors." The man returned not to Jesus, who was only passing by when he

spoke to the blind man, but to his home. "That he was blind." The Revised Version corrects this to "that he was a beggar."

Vs. 9, 10. The cure seemed incredible; those who had simply "seen him" would call it a case of mistaken identity, but the "neighbors" knew better, and he himself settled the point—"I am he."

V. 11. The Revised Version reads, "The man that is called Jesus." Christ was rather well known by this time. "Made clay." He does not say how, and perhaps did not know. "I received sight." Literally, "I recovered sight"; a loose use of a verb that would have been suitable after other kinds of blindness rather than his.

V. 12. "Where is he?" * * * "I know not." If this was the same day as the stoning, the people probably had not seen Jesus since he "hid himself" as he went out of the Temple (viii: 59); this man knew where he had "passed by," but not where he was.

V. 13. "To the Pharisees," i. e., to their proxy conscience. They did not dare endorse a good work till they heard from the Pharisees. It was the same even with the parents (cf. vs. 19-23), so great was the dread of excommunication.

V. 14. "The Sabbath." There are six other instances recorded of Christ's cures performed on the Sabbath. "When Jesus made the clay." It is said that one of the Rabbinic laws especially forbade the anointing of eyes with spittle on the Sabbath.

V. 15. The recovered man perceived that the cross-examination was with unfriendly intent toward Jesus, and made his answers as brief as possible.

V. 16. "This man is not of God." They have to admit the super-human work, but they imply that it is done by help of the devil and not of God (cf. Matt. ix: 34). "Others." These also are of the Pharisees. There were some fairer-minded men among them (cf. vii: 51).

V. 17. The Authorized Version reads as though giving a double question with the first interrogation point omitted. It was a single question, and the Revision so translates it,

"What sayest thou of him, in that he hath opened thine eyes?" "Prophet." One who speaks forth God's messages; a special servant of God. It is a common mistake to-day to think of the word "prophet" as though always meaning a predictor. The foretelling of events was but a minor function of the man who uttered forth God's will.

Reflections.

Does the nursery of the world make us ask speculative questions, or does it make us try to work the works of God?

It is true of heaven as well as of earth—

"the Lamb is the light thereof."

The man whose eyes have been opened by Jesus will be discussed by his neighbors.

That man's faith in Christ began with a physical blessing, but it was not complete till "he worshipped him."

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

The Woes of the Drunkard (Prov. xxiii: 29-35).

Topic for August 19th.

Quarterly Temperance Meeting.

Nobody expects to be a drunkard. The wine sipper and whisky tippler can complacently depict the horrors of the sot because he has no intention whatever of becoming a drunkard himself. It is one of the most fascinating of moral occupations to condemn evils which we think we never will commit. If we could not do that, a great deal of present religious oratory and fervor of reform would be suppressed. It is worth a large sum to any man to know in just what efforts it is best to expend his enthusiasm. This human energy of ours is a very troublesome thing to our neighbors, and often to the world at large, if we exercise it at wrong times and in unwise ways. The boy next door who pounds a tin pan several hours a day may be disposing of his energy in a manner very satisfactory to himself, but he never knows to what a strain he puts the nerves of a score of people in the same block.

* * *

I am afraid it is very much the same with us who are wide awake on the temperance question. There is fire within us that must blaze forth, and perhaps we do not stop to make sure that our zeal is energetically exercised in directions that will be effective in the cause as well as comforting to ourselves. If any of us recognize this meeting and this topic as our special opportunity to show our emphatic ideas on the woes of the drunkard, it might be a means of grace if we would take a wheel ride of a dozen miles on a rising grade before we go into church to blaze away about the terrible condition of the man in the ditch. Our remarks would be less lurid. We would probably occupy less time.

* * *

War and bloodshed are not stopped by building well-equipped hospitals. We may be doing a great amount of good by our work at the hospital end of the temperance cause. The drunkard needs attention: he needs sympathy and encouragement; and sometimes he needs a good, sound drubbing to awaken him to a real effort in his own behalf. There are drunkards who throw themselves upon the

tender dealings of their rescuers, expecting to be carried to sobriety "on flowery beds of ease." A well-placed thorn or two in the couch of such drunkards would prove a woe of considerable promise and value. Not long since a band of women, after going down into the gutter seven times to "rescue the perishing" and re-rescue him several times over, finally told him that the next time they would let him go. But he did not go! That little prick awakened him to the situation. When these women locked the hospital door, this man kept in the road that did not need any hospital.

This passage in Proverbs is not a review, as some seem to interpret it. It is not a reflection upon what the writer has seen some day in the past. It is a preview. If it has any force, it is given to the beginner in the drink habit. Whoever wrote these words knew better than to picture the woes of the drunkard to a man at the bottom of the hill, or half-way down the declivity. Nobody can tell a drunkard about his woes. He knows them too well already. Language is tame compared with what goes on often in his poor, shivering frame, recovering from a debauch. This counsel was not given to such a person. He did not say to such a man: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red." As well might he say to a drowning man, "Do not go into water where you will sink." He did not mock the drunkard by telling him: "At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." He has been bitten too many times and is too familiar with adders to make such announcements of any moment to him. No; this divine warning is addressed to the young man or woman who to-day is toying with the wine-glass. It is the moderate drinker who is playing with bites and stings. The question of intemperance is settled at this end of the career. The seed of drunkenness is sown by every user of intoxicating beverages. To be sure, the seed may not germinate in every case. But that does not alter the dreadful truth, any more than the fact that I may not develop the germ of the plague warrants me in disregarding the quarantine. Distorted vision begins with the circulation of alcohol in the blood. The clamor of the heart in the moderate user of intoxicants is not along rectilinear lines.

* * *

That is the man to whom this Scripture belongs. While it is all very well to do what is possible by way of restriction and remedy, it is high time that we deceive ourselves no longer with the idea that this will ever remove this curse from human ranks. The temperance crusade must begin with a gospel in us that takes no risks, and with a Christian life that toys with no serpents of mischief. The wine-

drinkers and the beer drinkers of to-day are the only ones who have it in their power to put a stop to drunkenness. When they cease their habits, there will be no more drunkards. But every moderate user of alcoholic beverage makes it possible for the drunkard to exist and his woes to continue. Precisely at this spot are required our example and our effort. It is possible to be so filled with the Spirit that we will not need to be filled with wine.

The Tinker Passes.

By W. W. Lovejoy.

"Tins to mend! Old tins to mend!"—
Listen to the tinker's cry
As down the street he passes by,
Searching windows low and high
If he a nodding face may spy
In answer to his droning cry—
"Old tins to mend."

I'll search extend for such to mend:
Some pots to which, were nozzles lent
They might fill out a longer stent;
Or pans not yet to limbo sent,
To which new handles might be bent—
'Tis bringing back to first intent
When things we mend.

And I'll attend how tins they mend:—
While sleeping furnace drops its mask
The kit is laid, and one small flask,
Whose uses we can later ask;
The inverted tool-box makes a hask—
Few, simple tools, well used, the task:
So tins they mend.

And as they mend 'tis sought as end
That solder *fast* with tin shall fuse.
And first it is the tinker's use
To cleanse to bright the surface puce
With acid from the little cruse—
The union else would prove a ruse
—A spurious blend.

"Old tins to mend"—its echoes lend
A moral drawn from tinker's art;
By oft rehearsing in my heart
The insistent cry and glance's dart—
A sort of conscience is their part;
As through our streets he seeks a mart
For tins to mend.

My life to mend! old faults to end!
Have I no talents hid away?
No wasted gifts that would repay
A rounding out for life's full play?
If disappointed yesterday—
New hopes will come with each new day
Till life shall end.

"My life to mend"—myself to spend
In service that shall bring joy near,
Uniting good to good more dear;
What is the secret, full of cheer,
That welds my life to God's life here?
Keep surface edges clean and clear:—
Thus both wills blend!

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.—[Epitetus.

Talents are best matured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.—[Goethe.

Home Circle.

The Breakfast an Important Meal.

By Annie Whitcomb Wheeler.

Many people are possessed of the idea that "almost anything is good enough for breakfast." We cannot agree with them, for the day begun wrong usually continues wrong. The "almost anything" breakfast is not particularly inviting; one eats little of it, and about ten o'clock a hollow chasm is discovered, which yawns and deepens with intense gnawings as the hands of the clock creep, O so slowly, toward the noon hour.

Unless one is abnormally strong this brings two results; a faint, dizzy feeling, which develops into a real headache, temporarily relieved by the luncheon or dinner, or indigestion, caused by overeating upon an empty and tired stomach. The breakfast should be tempting, and should be partaken of without haste, especially by those whose business admits of no opportunity of taking a light luncheon toward noon.

The habit of haste in the morning meal is almost national (Englishmen have caricatured the American at breakfast as gulping down a quantity of half-cooked oatmeal in exactly one and one-half minutes), and most noticeable in the professional man, the business man, and the student, who, as a rule, retire late, rise late, and consequently have to hurry to get to the office or recitation room in time.

It is here that the wife and mother will recognize her duty, first, in insisting upon a breakfast hour that precludes all haste, and, second, in providing appetizing dishes and a wholesome variety. She should make a careful study of breakfasts as well as luncheons and dinners, plan for little surprises and changes, and, above all, consider the health of the family. Let there be less fried fish and meat, and more that is broiled; let there be fewer fritters, doughnuts, and hot muffins, and more toast and coarse bread, at least a day old, and more fresh or stewed fruit; let the cereals be well cooked, steamed the day before, then warmed up; let the coffee be perfect, with real cream, if possible. One who has mastered the science of coffee-making will never place a really poor breakfast before her family.

Cocoa shells are an excellent breakfast drink; also hot, not scalded, milk, especially for those of weak digestion, but cocoa, chocolate, and broma are considered a trifle rich for the morning meal. One should learn the possibilities of eggs, for they can be prepared in such a variety of ways—the puffy, brown omelet, served with crisped breakfast bacon; the egg on toast, whole, round, and dainty; the scrambled egg; and the boiled or addled egg, not the so-called soft-boiled egg, with leathern white and running yolk.

We are too fond of fat foods, but if dough-nuts are insisted upon, serve the raised dough-nuts, which if made right soak no fat, and have them a day old. Fritters and pancakes are not only indigestible, but require syrup or sugar, and the less sweets at breakfast the better. Lastly, have the table laid daintily, and see if the family do not improve 100 per cent both in health and disposition from your efforts at breakfast reform.

Hot fresh bread, as we all know, is not healthful, yet it is so delicious, especially for the morning meal, that many cannot dispense with it. Our way of getting over the difficulty may be new to some. We bake the rolls, biscuits, muffins, or corn bread the day before, and hide them until the next morning, then dip the tops into cold water, place in a tin, and heat in the oven, after which the possessor of a weak digestion can eat them in perfect safety, and the epicurean cannot distinguish them from the freshly made, unless, indeed, he should miss that indigestible stickiness which is the bane of all new bread.

An item not to be overlooked by the thrifty housekeeper is the economy of fuel, the "hot biscuit fire" being entirely unnecessary in the morning, and this is a great saving for those who run continuous range fires, which need considerable freshening before being suitable for biscuits, etc. Bake the hot bread some time during the day when the oven is heated for other baking, and bake enough to last several days, as the three-days-old muffin is as good when heated in this way as the day-old muffin. —[New York Observer.

Fun at a Carpenter's.

The carpenter had put down his tools and gone for his luncheon.

"Life for me is a perfect bore," said the Augur.

"I'm a little board myself," said the small Plank.

"There's no art in this country," said the Screw-driver. "Everything's screwed in my eyes."

"You don't stick at anything long enough to know what you're driving at," interjected the Glue.

"That's just it!" said the Screw. "He never goes beneath the surface the way that Jack Plane and I do!"

"Tut!" said the Saw. "I go through things just as much as you do. Life's stuffed with sawdust."

"Regular grind!" said the Grindstone.

"I agree with you," said the Bench. "It doesn't make any difference how well I do my work, I'm always sat on."

"Let's strike!" said the Hammer.

"That's it!" cried the Augur. "You hit the nail on the head that time."

"I'll hit it again," retorted the Hammer; and he kept his word, but he hit the wrong nail. That is why the carpenter now wears his thumb in a bandage. It was his thumb-nail the Hammer struck.—[Chicago Bulletin.

Victoria and the Sabbath.

Queen Victoria began her illustrious reign with a strict observance of the Sabbath, and has never failed to insist upon its being honored. The effect upon the nation has been marked. On one occasion one of her ministers of state arrived at Windsor Castle late on Saturday night.

"I have brought for your Majesty's inspection," he said, "some documents of great importance; but as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach on your Majesty to-night, but will request your attendance to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow is Sunday, my lord."

"True, your Majesty; but the business of the state will not admit of delay."

The next morning the Queen and the court went to church and listened to a sermon on "The Christian Sabbath: Its Duties and Obligations," the Queen having sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. Not a word was said about the state papers during the day, but in the evening Victoria said: "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please—as early as seven, if you like—we will look into those papers."

"I could not think of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour," replied the minister; "nine o'clock will be quite soon enough."

A story is told of Horace Greeley that an acquaintance got offended at one of his articles in the Tribune, went to the office and stopped his subscription. Later in the day, he met Mr. Greeley and said: "I've stopped your paper." "There must be some mistake," replied Greeley, "for I just came from the office, and, when I left, the presses were running as usual, the clerks were as busy as ever, the compositors were hard at work, and the business was going on the same as yesterday, and the day before." "Oh!" said the old subscriber, "I didn't mean that I had stopped the paper; I stopped only my copy of it, because I didn't like one of your editorials." "Pshaw!" retorted Greeley; "if you expect to control the utterance of the Tribune by the purchase of one copy a day, or if you think to find any newspaper worth reading which will never express convictions at right angles with your own, you are doomed to disappointment."

that every Christian could say the same. "I have fought the good fight; I have resisted sin through thick and thin; I have ever played the man for Christ."—[The Quiver.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Stain that Wouldn't Rub Off.

He was but six years old, and a boy of six cannot be expected to know as much as a boy of twelve. That was one reason why Charlie needn't have been quite so sharp in his rebuke, and then mother showed him another reason, that evening.

Charlie and Freddie were "cutting across fields," and as they went along were gathering flowers for Mamma. Charlie was walking ahead, and so far had spied all the flowers, which he then with gracious condescension allowed Freddie to gather. Suddenly the little boy caught sight of a bunch of yellow beauties with deep brown centers. They were at the bottom of a little hill, and the grass around them was most brilliantly green and velvety. Charlie had evidently not seen them, and Freddy darted down the slope.

"Here, Freddie!" shouted Charlie, glancing over his shoulder, "don't you go down there. It's all muddy."

But the warning was disregarded, and the next moment Freddie sunk in the slime halfway up his fat little legs.

"Now how'm I goin' to get you out of that," demanded Charlie, crossly. "I told you not to go in, and you went. Now I'll have to get all muddy myself pullin' you out. Stand still!" this more sharply than ever. "Don't try to get in any deeper than you are. Quit your blubberin', now. I'll get you out some way."

But it took a long search for a limb of suitable length before Charlie, standing on the edge of the swamp, pulled poor little Freddie on firm ground again, though in doing it he nearly threw the little fellow on his face.

Freddie's sobs broke forth afresh, and the older brother relented a little.

"Here," he said in a gruff tone, that was assumed to hide the tenderness which he feared might show, "now I'll scrape off the mud with a stick, and when your shoes dry they can be blackened, and will look most new again. I tell you, though, Freddie, you ought to have listened when I told you the mud was there."

"I didn't see any mud," whimpered Freddie, "the grass was prettier there than anywhere else."

"That's just it," replied the brother, "when you see such awful green grass as that you can know there's a swamp."

"But I didn't know," protested the little fellow, "and I couldn't see any mud."

"Then that's just why you ought to have listened to me," declared Charlie, feeling that he must not lose this opportunity of rebuking still further. "You see I'm twice as old as you and ought to be supposed to know twice as much." This last sentence had a sarcastic

tone that hurt Freddie, though Charlie was pleased with this conceit.

In fact, he was so well pleased that he couldn't forbear repeating it to Mamma, though he really had not meant to be too hard on his smaller brother.

"You see, Mamma," he said, "I told him I was twice as old as he was and ought to know about twice as much. That's what he got for not minding me."

Then Freddie could bear the reproaches no longer. He was sitting on Mamma's lap with his little bare feet rubbed quite dry, and she was wiping away the tears, and telling him that it might have been much worse, and that he was her own baby boy, and the rest of the nice things mothers say when their children are in trouble. So this last speech of Charlie's was really too much.

"Why don't you always mind?" Freddie burst out, sitting bolt upright and digging his fists in his eyes to stop the welling tears. "He don't mind Papa, Mamma, for I saw him smoking a cig-rette in the barn. I peeked through a hole and saw him. He'd better tell himself to mind, hadn't he, Mamma?"

Mamma only looked at Charlie, but it made the blood rush around his throat and up his face to the very roots of his hair. That evening, though, she came in his room after he was in bed. She turned out the light—for she was one of those mothers who know a fellow can tell things better in the dark—and then she said:

"How about the smoking, Charlie? Did Freddy tell me the truth?"

This time she couldn't see the blush (though it was there) and she could barely hear the whispered, "Yes'm."

Then, like all wrong-doers since the time of Adam, he began to excuse himself.

"I didn't do it just to disobey Papa, I truly didn't, Mamma. But half the boys in our class smoke cigarettes and I don't see where's the harm in it."

"Neither did Freddie see the mud, and you were very cross with him because he did not obey you who were twice as old. Papa is more than three times as old as you. Don't you think, then, that he should know at least three times as much as you? Don't you think when he tells you that cigarettes are very harmful, that you should believe he knows the truth of what he is saying? He tells you that the boy who smokes cigarettes can never be as strong and healthy a man as the boy who does not smoke. He tells you that the man with a weak body can never do as valiant service for God or the world, as the man who is strong. He tells you that the boy who deliberately does those things that will injure the body, is not only committing a great wrong against himself and the world

in which he is to be a worker, but he is sinning against God.

"Remember, dear," she was bending over him for a good-night kiss, "remember that Freddie's mud was easily brushed off; but every act of disobedience or wrong-doing of any kind leaves an indelible stain on the soul."

Princess Louit-Seu and the Worms.

"Once upon a time"—and in this story that means about 4,550 years ago—there lived a little princess in China by the name of Louit-Seu. She lived with her father and mother in a wonderful palace set in a shady, flowery park. Her father, who was the Emperor of China, was called Hoang-Ti.

One morning in spring, it is said, the Emperor started out for a little walk with his daughter. They were accompanied by many mandarins and officers of the royal household.

They made a little procession when they left the garden gate and entered a long avenue of mulberry trees, but they were all obliged to come to a standstill when little Louit-Seu paused before a small shrub that grew near the path.

What she saw was hundreds of black worms, busily eating the green leaves, and crawling up and down the twigs. She was so interested in the sight that the Emperor ordered the branch transplanted into a huge pot in his daughter's room, that she might watch them at her leisure.

Little Princess Louit-Seu had not many playmates, and few games, and so she was delighted with her new pastime of watching the worms feed, and of providing them with plenty of fresh mulberry leaves. The color of the worms gradually changed from black to milk white. One day she discovered that the caterpillars had grown stout and thick, and were sitting on the twigs apparently wrapped in a fabric of shining, yellow threads. They were moving their heads to and fro, and a fine white thread seemed to be coming from their mouths. This thread they kept on winding rapidly about themselves.

Little Louit-Seu was so surprised and excited that she did something which was forbidden—she ran into her father's privy-council chamber, and, interrupting him in his talk, begged him to come and see what the wonderful caterpillars were doing.

Now, as it happened, the subject that the Emperor was discussing was the extermination of the mulberry trees, and the officers were urging him to get rid of all the loathsome caterpillars in this way. They were very indignant when he left the room to go with the little princess to watch these very worms.

Before very long the worms had so wound themselves in the silken threads that they

were completely hidden from view. Then they could do nothing but wait, wondering what would happen next.

In a few weeks from the small end of the little silk-house there came, first, tiny white feet, then a little white creature slowly crept forth, and when it had opened its wings Louit-Seu saw that it was a dainty white butterfly.

The butterflies hovered about, and laid their eggs upon the mulberry-trees, which in time hatched out the black worms again.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. The Emperor, Hoang-Ti, had been puzzling about the strange little worms, and one day he invented a little machine which made it possible to unwind the silk from the cocoons, or the "little silk-houses," as they called them. When this was done, he took the fibre to the Empress, and she wove in her loom a beautiful piece of shining yellow silk. This was the beginning of silk-weaving in China, and, before Hoang-Ti and Louit-Seu died, it became a great industry in the country.

The people were so grateful for the discovery that they wished to erect a monument to the Emperor, for, in that country, there were many monuments and temples; but one very wise philosopher said it would be impossible to build a monument which would not perish in time, and so he told the people to teach all the little children to look up at night and seek out the brightest stars in the heavens, and name them for the Emperor.

And so when night falls, the children run out of their houses and look about the sky until they find the four brightest stars in the constellation of Scorpion, and then they cry out, "Tsan-Fang—the little silk-house!" And then they remember the great Emperor, who learned to discern God's laws in the lowliest things, and to make that knowledge a benefit to his kingdom and people.—[The Household.

The recent death, in Brussels, of a most remarkable man, is another illustration of the fact that a man can make his life tell for something, no matter how apparently helpless he may be; and that no one has a right to despair, even when he seems to be most unfortunate. This man, whose name was Charles Francois Felu, had no arms. How, then, could he cultivate the talent God had given him, for he was one of the most successful copyists of famous paintings. Having no arms, he used his feet, holding his palette on his left great toe, and skilfully using the brush with his right foot. He lived to be seventy years of age, and among his works are some fine copies of the best masterpieces. Many of his pictures are owned in America.

Great as is God's forgiveness, so great is man's lack of it.

Literature.

Magazines.

The characteristic of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly is distinctively fiction. Here in a single number are included stories by F. Hopkinson Smith, A. Conan Doyle, Mary E. Wilkins, Edgar Fawcett, Alix John, Marietta Holly ("Josiah Allen's Wife"), and R. K. Munkittrick; illustrated articles by the Infanta Eulalie of Spain, Captain E. Lee, and the Rev. W. B. Rankin; and poems by Harriett Prescott Spofford, Edith M. Thomas, Samuel Minturn Peck, Ethel Morse, Frank L. Stanton, William Hamilton Hayne, Madison Cawein, Henry Tyrrell, Martha McCulloch-Williams, Hattie Whitney, Roy Farrell Greene, and Wallace Dunbar Vincent. It is illustrated by Albert B. Wenzel, B. West Clinedinst, Charles Grunwald, Hugh M. Eaton, G. A. Davis, Walter Russell, George Bonawitz, H. C. Edwards and H. S. Eddy.

The Record of Christian Work, always bright, timely and helpful, is received. The present number fully maintains the general high average. We shall have occasion to refer more particularly to some of its articles, and will therefore add nothing in this connection.

The special features of the American Review of Reviews are a review of recent Chinese history by Stephen Bonsal; a study of the work and personnel of the Kansas City Convention, by Walter Wellman; illustrated articles on "Mr. Bryan at Home," "Theodore Roosevelt," by Jacob A. Riis, and "Roosevelt's Work as Governor"; "The New Appellate Court-house in New York City," by Ernest Knauff; "The Embellishment of a Michigan Town," by Archibald Hadden; a paper on "A National Art Exhibition," by William Ordway Partridge; and "Volcanic Scenery of the Northwest," by Robert E. Strahorn. In "The Progress of the World" and "Current History of Caricature" the Presidential campaign is the most prominent topic.

The terrible scenes of bloodshed and political and religious upheaval in China have riveted all eyes on that unhappy Empire. The situation is described from many view-points in the Missionary Review of the World for August. Rev. J. H. Worley writes of the "Recent Troubles," Rev. P. W. Pitcher of "Treaty Rights and Missions," Dr. J. T. Gracey of "The Clash of Civilizations," Rev. Wm. Cornaby of "Chinese Riots and Reparations," and Rev. W. O. Elterich of the "Causes of the Trouble." The wonderful power of the gospel in China and the difficulties encountered in proclaiming it to the Chinese is graphically and powerfully described by Dr. Griffith John in a full account of "The Gospel in Hunan"—the bitterly anti-foreign province of China. Other articles which will be read with interest

and profit in this number are those by Dr. H. K. Carroll on "Puerto Rico as a Mission Field," by Dr. Pierson on "The Red Cross Movement," by Prof. Geo. H. Schodde on "The Inner Missions of the Church of Germany," Rev. H. Loomis on "Hon. Kenkichi Katooka of Japan," and Mrs. Houghton on the "Exodus of Priests from the Church of Rome in France." Published monthly by Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York. \$2.50 a year.

When General Grant was asked, "Did you take Lee's sword at Appomattox?" he replied: "No; I did not. Lee came there wearing the magnificent sword which the State of Virginia had given him, but I did not want him to surrender it to me. I sat down at once and busied myself writing terms of the surrender. When I had finished, I handed them to General Lee. He read them and remarked, 'They are certainly very generous, indeed.' He then told me the cavalymen owned their own horses; and, if they were deprived of them, they could not put in their crops. Then I gave the order, 'Take their horses home with you, for you'll need them in the spring plowing.'" This is the simple story of Lee's surrender. Caesar would have had that sword; Napoleon would have demanded it; Wellington would not have been satisfied without it, but U. S. Grant was too great to take it.

My mother, when she sat down to her sewing, would put a book into one of my hands and tell me to read it to her, and she would talk with me about what I read. At least once a day the reading lesson was in the Bible, and I was required to memorize as well as read. On Sunday the Bible and the catechism were the text-books. Then, our toys were largely home-made, and we learned to make many of them ourselves. Thus the training was more practical and more Scriptural than that of today, and the result was that the boys and girls grew up with the idea that they were not created just to have a good time, to seek amusement, to read sensational story books and to be crammed with school lore, but to do what they could for themselves and others—to be helpful and useful—to form habits of industry and self-denial. There were some undesirable hardships and privations in those older days, and I congratulate the young people of today on their improved facilities. And yet I want to warn them against the seductive influences of luxury and ease, and exhort them to try to be useful and unselfish, both at home and abroad.—[Sinex Smith, in Herald and Presbyter.

Sooner or later men know our real status.
Sin is always going forward to judgment.

Church News.

Northern California.

Oakland First.—At the communion service two were welcomed into the church fellowship.

San Francisco Third.—Eight were received to membership on Sunday last. A large number partook of the Sacrament.

Oakland Market Street.—One was received to membership on confession of faith and baptism. The whole day and both services were very enjoyable.

Oakland Pilgrim.—The twilight communion Sunday last was an impressive one. One person was received into the church on confession of faith. Letters missive have been issued, calling a council for the installation of Rev. R. C. Brooks as pastor, Friday, August the 17th.

Benicia.—Five new members were received into the church last Sunday. During July an aged sea captain on his death-bed confessed faith in Christ, and at his request was received into the church at a special service held in the sick room. He lived only a week longer, but by new patience, under suffering, manifested God's grace in his heart. For the next three Sabbath evenings the Christian Endeavor Society will conduct the evening church services, Mr. Palmer being absent on his vacation.

Oroville.—At a regularly called meeting of the Congregational church in Oroville, July 29th, it was voted that the Rev. C. W. Merrill of Claremont be invited to become the pastor of the church. He has been preaching here for four Sabbaths and serving the church very acceptably in all her mid-week meetings. Mr. Merrill left for Claremont the following Monday and will spend the month of August in Southern California with his family. If he accepts the call he will return to Oroville early in September.

San Francisco Bethany.—The Lord's Supper was observed last Sunday morning. Eight persons were received to the church—six upon confession. The two received by letter were Chinese, one from our Chinese church in Marysville, the other from the church in Hongkong. Mr. William Johnstone, who, excepting one year, has superintended Bethany Sunday-school from the day of its organization, twenty-eight years ago, and has always been greatly beloved, had a surprise on the occasion of his birthday, on Friday evening, the 3d inst. The chapel was crowded with Sunday-school workers and pupils; the program, which was designed to include one exercise from each class, was admirably conducted; and the birthday gift was most fit and

generous; but the supreme success of the occasion was this, that though the children and others have had it in mind for three months, and teachers and pupils and others, at least 250 in number were in possession of the secret and enthusiastic over it, not an inkling of it reached the Superintendent till he had been slyly ushered into the darkened room, and then a flood of light was turned on and the Chautauqua salute greeted his eyes and eager applause his ears.

Southern California.

Los Angeles.—The First church had a delightful twilight communion on August 5th, when eleven were received. As usual, a large congregation was present. On Sunday morning, August 5th, Rev. Clarence T. Brown of Salt Lake City, preached for this church. A call has been extended to Rev. William Horace Day of Aurora, Ill., to become associate pastor with his father, Rev. Warren F. Day D.D.

Notes and Personals.

Mrs. J. A. Cruzan came from Hilo a few weeks ago, and is now visiting Santa Cruz friends:

Rev. J. A. Milligan and family of Porterville are spending their vacation at Pacific Grove. Rev. S. C. Patterson of Lodi and Rev. F. F. Pearse of San Lorenzo are also there with their families.

Fresno church is undergoing repairs, outside and inside. Rev. L. M. Walters, its efficient pastor, is spending his vacation in San Francisco.

The Association of Southern California will meet with the East Los Angeles church October meet with the East Los Angeles church October the 9th.

Evangelist Billings has been laboring with much acceptance and with cheering results, so the pastor testifies, with the Bethlehem church in Los Angeles.

Rev. W. A. Tenney returned last week from a visit to his son in Arcata, Humboldt county, and beyond. Much of his visit was spent in the woods and he reports a "high old time."

An old naval captain, who had fought under Lord Nelson, said to his son a short time before his death, "Charles, when I am dead, examine my body and you will find many scars, but you will not find one on my back." Would

Rev. W. J. Speers has resigned the pastorate of the church in Bloomington, San Bernardino county. A new church building is in contemplation, the contract for which has been let, the lumber on the ground and work commenced. The building is promised for occupancy September 1st.

The Passing of Dr. Holbrook.

Our friend, brother, father has gone to join one of the most lovely spirits that has ever made its home in a mortal body. Mrs. Holbrook went on before, November 20, 1898. Shortly after the accident, the good old man pointed to pictures arranged about the walls of his room and said, "I have more over there than here." It is one of the essentials of our faith that he has gone to meet those who have "crossed the bar" before him. At midnight of Wednesday, August 1st, he closed his eyes to scenes this side the tide, "which drew without the boundless deep," and fell asleep as peacefully as a wearied child in parental arms; his body was lowered into its resting-place as the sun was sinking from our sight, leaving for us the coming night, but sinking into day upon another shore. The words spoken as the body was lowered slowly down are—

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To mingle with thy silent dust.

"Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades this realm. No mortal woes
Disturb the peaceful sleeper here
Who slumbers in his sweet repose!"

Dr. Holbrook has lived a long life compared with that of the majority of his fellows. He was born January 7, 1808. His life, however, did not consist of mere length—it was a useful one; useful to the very end. With advancing years his interest in the affairs of to-day did not slack its speed; while he lived in the past to some extent, as we all do, he lived more in the present and the future. Some years ago Dr. Benton, of blessed memory, wrote an article in *The Pacific* on "Growing Old Gracefully." Dr. Holbrook, as well as the author of that article, knew the grace of a graceful old age, and its manifestation made life dearer and sweeter for those who came within the sphere of its influence; his disposition was sunny to the last and his playfulness of mind maintained its elasticity as long as it could manifest its presence in the house of clay. Appreciative of attention, grateful for every service, he made it a pleasure to minister at his bedside. He was ever considerate of the comforts of others to an unusual degree.

Dr. Holbrook was the pastor of the church in Stockton from December 15, 1870, to October 28, 1872, leaving it to take up other work in the East; about ten years ago he and his wife returned to the church as members, uniting January 5, 1890. For these years he has been one of the best pastor-laymen who has blessed any church with his membership; a valuable advisor, an interested listener, a constant worshiper, a prudent parishioner, modest in all his fellowship with his younger minister. As an illustration of his spirit and the

graciousness with which he left the pastoral office for that of the layman, the following instance will answer: At one time he thought to assist in a matter which was of considerable trouble to the pastor and wrote a letter which was sent before consulting him; when he discovered that his opinion was not concurred in he hastened to say, "I thought it would be a possible help, but I will immediately correct the matter," and it was only after earnest solicitation that he did not carry out his purpose in this regard. Sitting by his bedside one day during his last illness and talking of various matters this good man said to his minister, "I am very thankful to God that I have been permitted to spend my last days here; I am indeed fortunate; everything is done for me that can be done"; and then, looking up at his listener, continued, "I have tried not to interfere in any way with your plans, but have endeavored to help you in your work; consecrated ministers have full enough to bear." Dr. Holbrook did help; he was no cause for anxiety; his minister always knew where to find an interested, patient, considerate helper while he lived and had the full use of his faculties. To those who lived closest to him he became dearer as the days of his life lengthened out. What he was in the vigor of his body and mind few of us have more than a reflected knowledge, but these later years made his life wonderfully suggestive of those autumn leaves of the Eastern forest, which are more beautiful in their last days than in the vigor of their young life.

The only members of the immediate family of our brother still here are Hon. Frederick Holbrook, ex-Governor of Vermont, now about 86 years of age and one of the few, if any, war governors still living, and his daughter, Mrs. E. B. Noble of Stockton, from whose earthly home he departed for that which is prepared in the city of mansions, and from whose affectionate ministrations he has gone to that land where they are not needed—

"Thus earth's family circles lessen
As those of heaven expand,
And the scenes of earth grow dimmer
As brighter grows the better land."

R. H. S.

A little child lay dying. The fond parent tried to keep back the tears, and tell her child about heaven—the pearly gates, the golden streets, and the lovely music. The little girl said: "Ah! mamma, I am too tired." The mother lifted the little one in her arms, and said, "My child, soon the Lord Jesus will come and take you to his heavenly home." She smiled sweetly, and said, "That is just what I want, the Lord to come and let me rest on his shoulder." Soon she closed her eyes and "fell asleep."—[Sunday at Home.]

A Thrilling Incident.

Rev. Horace W. Houlding, whose faithful ministry in San Francisco is affectionately remembered by many, was among those who escaped from China at the outbreak of hostilities, has now, it is reported, reached San Francisco. Under date of July 9th, he writes from Nagasaki an account of those terrible experiences, which is so vivid that we make room for it almost entire:

"Three weeks ago to-day the bugle of the British marines, at Pei-taiho, sounded the order to hasten aboard their warship Humber. Chinese troops, to the number of many thousands, were now near us, in two divisions, to the right and to the left. We hired fishing junks of the friendly villagers to take us out through the surf, but the Chinese Commandant sent them orders threatening their lives if they helped us to escape. With a quick move the marines seized the necessary boats and themselves paddled the clumsy craft. We got aboard—seventy-six of us, railroaders, miners, missionaries, women and children—during a drenching rain, which both smoothed the rough seas and hindered the movements of those who would have cut us off. The houses were all looted. It was on this day, June 18th, that Tientsin was suffering its worst bombardment, though we knew nothing of it, having been cut off from all news for several days. On arrival at Taku we found that the forts there had been taken by the Allied Powers. Here we Americans were transferred to the U. S. S. Nashville, a gunboat of Santiago fame. On every boat we experienced kindness. From Chefoo, after ten days, a Japanese warship brought us here. We had hoped to tarry on China's shore until we could hear from, and if God permitted, again meet, some from the interior, just now much laid on our hearts. But we were moved on as fast as possible, by instructions of the Admiral. We look up unto the God of hope. Many have been saved by marvelous providences, so we cannot but still treasure hope for those still shut up in China. Words fail us when we think of the certain sufferings of the native Christians. We pray that their faith fail not. In their distresses they will be tempted to cry, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" (Is. xxvi: 20.) Some Tientsin friends just landed tell of horrors, a spreading reign of terror, and of Russian barbarities worse than Chinese atrocities. But why should I write of these things? I cannot. For a season we come to America, but with hope that we may soon return, perhaps with others joining us. China's mission force should be doubled in two years. Address us at Riverside, California. As God enables me I shall try to meet those who are interested in our work of faith in bringing the gospel to dark South Chili-li Province.

Ministers' Meeting.

Prof. F. H. Foster greatly interested those present in his observations while visiting in our Eastern States, and traveling in England. Of domestic matters he spoke briefly, and with special reference to educational institutions. His journeyings in England were grouped around its cathedrals, as representing its religious life. Bradford, where his lectures were delivered, is the seat of the largest Congregational Seminary in Great Britain. Under Dr. Simon, as its principal, the tone of this Seminary seemed healthfully conservative, in the best sense of that often abused term. In Halifax, he found the most elaborate ritual, and in Wolverhampton, the most distinctively evangelistic methods with which he came in contact.

Theologically, England, in his judgment, seems not very different from the United States. Thought is unsettled, but with a conservative tendency as to beliefs and forms of statement. On the whole, the outlook, to the leaders of thought with whom he conversed, seems to be hopeful. As to the established Church, Prof. Foster regards any radical change in its relations to the State as undesirable; but its cathedrals, beautiful and attractive as they are, seemed to him to embody so much of Roman Catholic ideas as to constitute a distinct damage to Protestant Christianity. Its clergy, as a class, were described to him as being high church, while its Bishops generally belong to the broad, or low, church wings. One exception he made, that of Emanuel church in Cambridge, in which the furnishing and the entire service were such as to delight one of Congregational proclivities.

As to the preaching: of this, in the English church, he formed no high estimate. But of that which he heard in Mansfield College, Oxford, and from several Non-Conformist pulpits, he regarded as not only vigorous, but educative also of the surrounding communities.

There were present at the meeting Rev. Dr. Kincaid of Honolulu, Prof. Norton of Pomona College, Rev. F. M. Price of Micronesia, and Rev. L. M. Walters, pastor at Fresno—all of whom were heartily welcomed and cordially responded.

Rev. Geo. B. Hatch will address the club at its next meeting.

Rev. John G. Eckles.

The earthly course of this good man closed at Porterville, Cal., on the 2d day of July, after an illness lasting more than a year. He was born in Oxford, Ohio, January 2, 1833. His Christian life began early, and within the fold of the United Brethren. His ministerial life began in April, 1852, in connection with that body. It was in Dallas county, Iowa, that his first service was rendered, followed at brief

intervals by other missionary appointments, in all of which God's blessing was manifest, and believers in large numbers were added to the Lord. At the outbreak of war in 1861 he enlisted as a Union soldier, in Co. A, 4th Iowa Infantry. After serving in the ranks for two years, he was (June, 1863) commissioned as chaplain of his regiment, and so continued until the close of hostilities.

Returning from the fields, he again took up the work of the pastorate, this time in connection with the Methodist church. Besides serving individual churches, he was for four years Presiding Elder of the Indianola District.

Nervous prostration compelled the suspension of ministerial service, and caused him to take up a government homestead in Kansas, to which State he had removed. While so engaged he was twice elected to represent his county in the State Legislature, and afterwards to the superintendency of the State Reform School. In 1878, with health somewhat restored, he again entered the active ministry, becoming the pastor of the Chase Congregational church. In this Christian fellowship he has since continued. In 1855 he removed with his family to California, where he has served the churches at Tulare, Ocean View (S. F.), and Porterville. Since resigning the last named pastorate he has labored as editor of a Porterville paper, and also, we think, has been the postmaster of his town. His last illness was one of much suffering, as well as long continuance. Yet, through it all he was sustained by an unfaltering faith in his redeeming Lord; and victory crowned the end.

His widow, to whom he was married June 29, 1854, and nine children remain. "The memory of the just is blessed."

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

The annual register of Pacific University and Tualatin Academy, which has just made its appearance, shows that the last year's enrollment of students was the largest in the history of the institution, the total number being 245. Two important changes have been made in granting degrees, viz., the master's degree in arts and sciences, to be granted in course not less than two years after graduation, after one year of work in studies under direction of the faculty and the presentation of a satisfactory thesis; the course for the degree of bachelor of letters has been extended to four years. Two years of approved professional study is allowed as a substitute for the required year of study for the master's degree.

A notable feature of the past year has been the cheapness of board at the students' clubs, the young men averaging \$1.35 a week, and the young women, \$1.15 a week.

Harvesting is in full blast in all parts of Or-

egon, and the season has been exceptionally fine so far. The yield from fall-sown grain does not come up to expectations formed early in the season, and probably will not average more than ten bushels to the acre, a little less than half a crop. The grain, however, is said by experts to be of an excellent quality. The spring-sown grain, of which but little, so far, has been harvested, promises well. Oats are in good condition and rather above an average yield, and hay is abundant and of fine quality. Fruit of all kinds is plentiful, and in numerous localities is going to waste for want of proper facilities to can it. It seems a pity that this should be so when there are so many in the world who can scarcely get fruit at any price. In some localities the prune crop is almost a failure, but in others the yield is large, particularly of the Petite or French prune. Root crops of all kinds are in excellent condition, and the average yield promises to be large, although some damage has been done by an earth-worm called the army-worm by some. Much apprehension was felt when this pest first made its appearance two or three weeks ago, but time has shown that no great danger need be apprehended. All in all, there is great reason for thanksgiving for an abundant harvest, with fairly remunerative prices.

Rev. Morton D. Dunning and wife of Forest Grove church, and Prof. Craig of Pacific University are spending their vacation at Nertarts.

Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman and family went to Mehama, Marion county, for their summer outing. This is said to be a delightful rural spot and that the Santiam river adjacent provides good fishing.

Rev. Wallace Nutting, D.D., of Union Congregational church, Providence, R. I., will remain in Portland two or three weeks longer than he first intended, since his presence here created an opportunity to supply the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church for two or three Sundays, during the absence of Dr. Edgar P. Hill.

Rev. J. Kingsbury, D.D., and wife, from Bradford, Mass., were at the First church prayer-meeting last Thursday evening, and all present enjoyed his presence very much. Dr. Kingsbury is a member of the Home Missionary Committee in New York, and is taking advantage of his presence here to study our local home missionary problems. The day following he visited Superintendent Clapp at Forest Grove, and the next day went to Seattle to inform himself regarding home missionary matters in Washington.

Portland, August 5, 1900.

Christianity is a religion of forgiveness.

Man's inhumanity is as marvelous as God's compassion.

A Merchant's Maxims.

On the tombstone of John Donough of New Orleans the following maxims are engraved as the merchant's guide to young men in life:

"Remember that labor is one of the conditions of existence.

"Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

"Do unto all men as you would be done by.

"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.

"Never bid another do what you can do for yourself.

"Never covet what is not your own.

"Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice.

"Never give out what does not come in.

"Do not spend, but produce.

"Let the greatest order regulate the actions of your life.

"Study in your course in life to do the greatest amount of good.

"Deprive yourself of nothing that is necessary to your comfort, but live in honorable simplicity and frugality.

"Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence."

A shortage of gutta percha is threatened through several causes, and no greater calamity could overtake the cable companies. No other substance is comparable with this gum for the insulation of cables; indeed, long-distanced cables cannot be made with any other insulation hitherto discovered. The causes of its scarcity are several. It grows only in a limited area, principally in the Malay peninsula, Borneo, Java and the adjacent islands. The tree is of very slow growth, requiring thirty years to reach maturity. The gum is gathered by the natives, who have used most wasteful methods, generally resulting in the destruction of the tree. Now that the gum is valued at more than \$1.50 a pound, the incentive to dishonesty is too great for the Malay character, and much of the gutta percha coming into the market is so adulterated as to be worthless. Singularly enough, the popularity of golf has had much to do with the extinction of the gutta tree. Golf balls are made of gutta percha, and enough is used for their manufacture every year to insulate a transatlantic cable. The increase of demand on this account and consequent increase of the value of the gum have stimulated the native gatherers to wholesale destruction of the gutta forests, their favorite method of saving time and labor in collecting gutta being to cut down the tree. If the Pacific cable is to be built at once, it is doubtful if there is enough gutta percha in the world to make it. Here, then, is where necessity must again bring forth invention, for a

substitute for the gum is urgently needed. Meanwhile, the Philippine Islands, especially the southern ones, have the proper soil and climate for the gutta percha tree, and the United States Government has an admirable opportunity to foster the growth of a highly valuable product there.

The calamander tree of Ceylon, allied to the ebony family, and represented by only 90 specimens, is credited with the very rarest wood. The tree is carefully protected.

That old proverb about "carrying coals to Newcastle" seems likely to lose its force; or, at least, its territorial significance. Coal is now being shipped from the United States to England, for use upon its railways. In view also of the dreaded exhaustion of British mines, it is of interest to note what is said of the possibilities of China as a source of supply, especially in view of its probable speedy opening to the commerce of the world. There are, it is estimated, in one district of 150 square miles, not less than 3,000,000,000 metric tons of superior anthracite coal. In the province of Shansi, according to the same estimate, at least 630,000,000,000 tons of anthracite, besides incalculable amounts of other kinds, await the introduction of better mining methods and more extensive markets. So the old world seems likely to be kept warm for a considerable period, after all.

Gleanings.

Forgiveness is love in full bloom.

We cannot put away moral accountability.

Love is not limited by the multiplication table.

Sin's debts must be forgiven; they cannot be paid.

'Tis looking downward makes one dizzy.—
[Browning.]

When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?

He who braves popularity will soon find it following him.

We count that day lost which records no victory over some fault or secret sin, no new gain in self-discipline, in the culture of the spirit, no enlargement of the power of serving, no added feature of likeness to the Master.—
[J. R. Miller.]

Married.

Broad—Caswell.—On Wednesday, August 1, 1900, at Bencasson Cabin, Camp Comfort, Newfane, Vermont, Rev. L. Payson Broad and Mrs. Harriet S. Caswell. After October 1st, Topeka, Kansas.

ONE NEW SCHOLAR.

Less than half a century ago a Bible school Superintendent in Jacksonville, Ill., asked each one to bring a new scholar to the school the next week. Little Mary Paxton went home and asked her father to go with her.

He was nearly forty years old, and so ignorant that he could not read. He was rough in appearance and rude in speech. He hated the church and despised religion and everything good; but he loved his little Mary, and when she took him by the hand he did not resist.

He went to the Bible school, and was led to Christ. He then learned to read for Christ's sake, and he finally came to be a Bible school evangelist. He founded 1,500 Bible schools, into which 70,000 children were gathered, and out of which sprang 100 churches.

It may seem a small thing for a Christian boy or girl to be always in the Bible school with a knowledge of the lesson; and to bring in a new scholar may seem a trifling matter, but only God can tell what such an act may lead to. When Little Mary was leading her father to Bible school she was leading a train of thousands up the shining way that leads to God.—[Selected.

MEDITATIONS.

1. The Bible, over and over again, contradicts the doctrine that man is the victim of heredity, and human experience accords with Bible teaching on this subject. This centurion was born a heathen and spent the greater part of his life under heathen influence, and yet he reached a sublimer faith than any of the children of Abraham.

2. The strength of humility is shown in the conduct of this centurion. "He that humbleth himself, shall be exalted," is the promise of God's Word. The centurions of the New Testament have a good record: Luke xxiii: 47; Acts x: 22; xxii: 26; xxiii: 17, 23, 24; xxiv: 23; 27, 43.

The knowledge of God can never come to man as an intellectual process; it must come as a revelation.

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The crisp and delicious doughnut,
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POWER OF THE BIBLE OVER LIFE.

Where is a second book, uninspired by Scripture, that has demonstrated its inherent and unassisted energy to take hold of life and lead it out into the likeness of the life of God? Only He who knows man could have made man a book. Only he that made all hearts could produce a book that should go to the wants of all hearts. "I see," wrote Hallam,

"that the Bible fits into every fold and crevice of the human heart. I am a man, and I believe that this is God's book, because it is man's book."—[C. H. Parkhurst.

Strong feelings often evaporate in words. Strong expressions about self-sacrifice or self-denial, about a life sustained high above the world, often satisfy the heart and prevent it from rising to the grace talked about.—[Robertson.

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WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LIVE FOR?"

The words sounded strange from the lips of the fourteen-year-old girl. Of course, she could not have understood them fully, yet they went to the heart of the deaconess like a knife-stab, for what did the child have to live for? She was the eldest of seven children. Her father spends his time in the saloon. Her mother, borne down by the misery and poverty of her lot, is confirmed invalid.

"This poor woman has the saddest face I ever saw," said the deaconess, "but she is a trusting Christian through it all."

The children were persuaded to join the Epworth League and, later, the Sunday-school. They are getting glimpses of life, learning there is, after all, something to live for.—[Message.]

LAYING UP TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

A constant contributor to the work of George Muller always accompanied his gift with this message:

"From a servant of the Lord Jesus, who, constrained by the love of Christ, seeks to lay up treasure in heaven."

After Mr. Muller died, it was found that these gifts had aggregated over \$400,000. Would that all Christ's followers, constrained

by his love and guided by his Word, might recognize the privilege of "laying up treasure in heaven!"

STORY OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

John B. Gough, during a service of song in a church, was asked by a man in a pew with him what was to be sung, as the announcement had not been heard. The questioner was most repulsive in appearance because of a nervous disease that had disfigured his face and form. When the singing began, Gough was driven almost to a frenzy by the harsh and discordant tones of the singer by his side. But when the wretched creature sang, "Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—O Lamb of God, I come, I come,"

He lifted his sightless eyes to heaven and sang with his soul. The great orator in his impassioned and inimitable way said:

"I have heard the finest strains of orchestra, choir and soloist this world can produce, but I never heard music until I heard that blind man sing,

"O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

ADMIRAL SAMPSON A TEETOTALER.

In a letter to a no-license meeting in Cambridge, Mass., a few nights ago, Admiral Sampson said: "It is my opinion that the only certainly safe position for any person to take on the question of using intoxicating liquors is the position of total abstinence. In like manner, I believe that no-license is the only position for any community to advocate for the absolute security of its people."

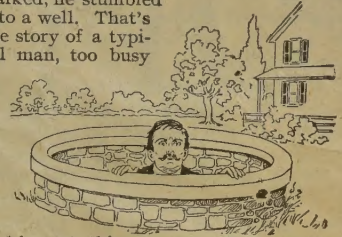
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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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looking at things away off, to notice more important things near by.

One-sixth of all deaths are from consumption. But the man goes along with his eyes bulging to watch cholera and yellow fever. He disdains to cure the cold or check the little cough, and consumption trips him up.

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Sick people can consult Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., by letter, without fee or charge. Every letter is read in private, and treated as a sacred confidence. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

"Last spring I was taken with severe pains in my chest, and was so weak I could hardly walk about the house," says Mrs. G. E. Kerr, of Fort Dodge, Webster Co., Iowa. "I tried several physicians and they told me I had consumption, I heard of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I thought I would try some of it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was very much better; I took five bottles of it and have not yet had any return of the trouble."

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PAID MAIL 363

If we determine to do whatever we say we will do, and to give whatever we promise to give; if we do a thing at the precise time we arranged to do it, we put life within limitation, and limitation always makes for happiness; and we may remember this simple fact: that if a man says he will do a certain thing at twelve o'clock and he does it at that hour, he is a better man than if he did it at ten minutes past twelve. To accomplish this straightness of aim and execution will doubtless be a hard fight; but then life is given us, not to be enjoyed, but to be overcome.

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